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SAYS WOMEN NOT READY FOR EQUAL SUFFRAGE

Rev. John Hewitt Delivers Address on "Future of Woman."

"MUST SHARE BURDENS"

Equal Rights With Men Means Equal Responsibilities, Says Minister, Who Handles Subject Without Gloves Before Study Class.

Having been asked to talk on "The Future of Woman," Rev. John Hewitt handled that subject without gloves before the Study Class at the Monday night meeting. He paid many beautiful tributes to woman, but bluntly said that she has not arrived at the time for sharing equal rights and privileges with man. Equal suffrage, said Mr. Hewitt, means equal responsibilities, and, for one cause or another, woman is not ready to meet the additional burdens necessarily involved. Mr. Hewitt's address was closely listened to by many Bellefonte women, some of whom agreed with him and others flatly refusing to accept his views. His address was as follows:

Between philosophy and fact; between prophecy and progmatism; between speculation and experience, the field is broad enough to deploy a whole army of hits and misses with the misses mostly in the lead.

Philosophy deals with theories which are never accepted until facts approve. Prophecy deals with dreams which are never believed in as ground for action until they have been realized. Speculation deals with schemes or plans which exploit possibilities that wait on experience to justify the methods adopted for bringing them over.

The question before us suggests an army of hits and misses maneuvering in the open field between the two terms of either pair of the postulates described.

It is broad and long. Too broad and too long to be disposed of in a single paper. It may include woman the world over and call for a survey of her life conditions as they appear among all nations under the sun.

Hence, assuming that it was suggested by observing woman's position in her Anglo-Saxon setting, and especially assuming that the Anglo-Saxon race is destined to be the ruler of the world, I shall confine this inquiry to conditions affecting woman in her relations to Anglo-Saxon civilization.

Now the axis of our problem is progress. And if we treat it under the several heads found in the ancient formula, "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be," we shall discover that the history of the Anglo-Saxon woman's progress is a diagram of peripatetic facts, which, though hard to follow, indicate an attainable ideal. The woman starts out on the same pathway of life with the man as her lord and master. Presently she leaves the pathway here a little to the left; comes back to it farther on; crosses it and leaves it again farther on to the right; returns to it, runs backs upon it, and then goes forward farther than before, always holds to the general course of the pathway, but takes more steps than her master and travels more miles than the pathway measures.

While this may not be regarded as a very happy or complimentary illustration of the course woman has been compelled to take in rising from the position of a slave to the possession of civil rights or equality with man, nevertheless it expresses a fact, the fact that man, as her institutional master, has doggedly held the pathway of public service against her, while she has been going forward and backward and from side to side, consciously keeping in the same direction and gaining more or less as man permitted.

Its aptness as a chart of historical experience will appear as I proceed.

"As it Was in the Beginning."

During the present four centuries of the present era Britain, the birth-place of the Anglo-Saxon race, was occupied by the Romans.

It was the policy of the Romans here as elsewhere not to interfere with the domestic, industrial, political, or religious institutions of their subjugated peoples any farther than seemed necessary to conserve the object of subjugation which, generally speaking, was commercial gain.

Nevertheless, Roman manners, customs and laws so deeply affected the lives and institutions of subject peoples as to continue in force and favor through many succeeding generations and even down to the present time. Hence this fact, in its bearing on the question in

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STRUCK BY TRAIN

John Morgan Run Down and Injured by Central Passenger Train.

John Morgan, of Bellefonte, was run down and seriously injured by a Central Railroad of Penna. passenger train on Saturday morning of last week. His left leg was fractured and he sustained painful cuts and bruises about the head and body. He is recovering at the Bellefonte hospital.

The accident happened nearby the lime stone quarries, just below town. Morgan was walking on the track and for some reason failed to hear the train approaching from behind. He had a pocketbook in his hand and apparently was counting some change when the engine struck him. It was at first feared that his injuries might result fatally, but he is getting along nicely.

Child's Sad Death.

Four years old Dorothy Thomas, whose parents live on the Mock farm, near Blue Ball, was so badly burned last Saturday that she died on the following morning, after a night of terrible suffering. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Thomas, had made a brush fire in the yard of their home on Saturday, later extinguishing the flames, so they thought, with several buckets of water. Their little daughter, Dorothy, and her brother, aged about 6 years, began disturbing the burning embers. In some manner the little girl's dress caught fire and before help could arrive she was painfully burned. A physician was quickly summoned but the flames had almost completely covered the little girl and death finally came as a great relief from her sufferings.

Old Highwayman Quits.

A strange case is reported from Altoona by Captain and Mrs. Hellwege, Salvation Army officers. They state that on Saturday afternoon, last, a man walked into the Salvation Army quarters, said that he had been a highwayman for years and that he wanted to "get right with God" and lead a better life. The man's face carried the lines that come with years of dissipation. As he talked he calmly pulled from his pockets and tossed onto a table a revolver, cartridges, a blackjack and a diamond windowglass cutter. He said that he was through with such tools for all time to come. The man explained that his home was in a northern part of Pennsylvania.

Appointed Road Inspector.

David Chambers, of Clarence, has been appointed an inspector on State road work in the vicinity of Snow Shoe. He took up his new duties this week. George H. Yarnell, of Zion, who last year was in charge of the road work near Milesburg, will this spring supervise the road building and repairs near the Old Fort.

Philipsburg's New Industry.

Philipsburg is to have a new industry in the shape of a canning and preserving factory. J. Waugh, in the past a representative of the Williams & Co., grocery, of Detroit, Mich., will be a the head of the factory. A lease for three years has been secured on the old quarters of Swift & Co., at Philipsburg, for the new concern.

Club License Defeated.

Governor Tener's bill to license private clubs went down to defeat in the House at Harrisburg on Tuesday. The vote was 111 against to 77 for the bill. It is possible an effort will be made to reconsider the vote on the bill, although few persons believe the measure has any chance to pass.

Port Matilda Summer School.

Professor H. C. Rothrock will open a summer school at Port Matilda on April 14th. Instruction for teachers preparing for examination and also for those about to enter Normal Schools.

Pass Hunters License.

The hunters' license bill, which last week met defeat in the House at Harrisburg, was revived at the Monday night session this week and then put through on final passage. The bill now goes to the Senate.

High School Commencement.

The Ferguson Township High School extends a cordial invitation to the public to attend the commencement exercises in the I. O. O. F. hall, at Pine Grove Mills, on the evening of April 11th, at 8 o'clock

Railroad Ties Advance.

The Pennsylvania railroad on March 15th advanced the price of railroad ties from 70 to 75 cents each, the length of ties being 8½ feet. The scarcity of timber caused the raise.

MILLHEIM NOW "DRY" LICENSE IS TIED UP

Town Without Saloon First Time in Quarter of Century.

BUT COURT MAY RELENT

Believed Well Known Old Hotel Will Receive License After Short Period of Probation—Central Hotel, Philipsburg, Also Dry.

For the first time in a quarter of a century, perhaps longer, Millheim is without a licensed saloon. The bar of the Millheim Hotel was closed on Monday night, Judge Orvis having made no disposition of the application by Isaac Shawver for a renewal of license. Until the court grants a renewal the bar must remain closed. The fact that the application was not refused before April 1st leads to the conclusion that it will be granted at some time in the reasonably near future. This is, however, mere conjecture.

No remonstrance was filed with the court to the application for a renewal of the license to Mr. Shawver. Because of this fact many persons were surprised when Judge Orvis did not include the Millheim Hotel among the licenses granted. At the same time the Philipsburg licenses were held over, but subsequently twelve of the thirteen from that place have been granted. March expired, however, with no word from the court regarding the Millheim license and there being nothing else for him to do Mr. Shawver pulled down the blinds and locked the door to his bar on Monday night.

The fact that the court held up the Shawver application when no remonstrance had been filed against it has been accepted as a move on the part of the court to bring about a general improvement to conditions at the hotel. Just what are the matters needing improvement has not been disclosed. The hotel has been charging $2 a day, the same rate as is charged by the Bush House and the Brockerhoff in Bellefonte.

The bar of the Central Hotel at Philipsburg, for which a renewal of license was refused, also closed on Monday night. There will probably be a rehearing in this case.

Hospital Notes.

Admitted for treatment—Mrs. Annie Immel, Nigh Bank; Mrs. Mary Ammerman, Pleasant Gap; Charles Boyer, Martha Boyer, Mrs. Myra Aikey, Bellefonte; Frank Karstetter, Coburn; George Behrer, Rock View.

Operations—Mrs. Sara Miller, Charles Chandler, Bellefonte; Bessie Kuhn, Axe Mann; Laura Benner, State College.

Discharged—Louis Doll, Harold McCullough, Bellefonte.

City Officials Sentenced.

In Philadelphia yesterday, former Director of Public Safety Henry Clay and Contractors John R. Wiggins and W. H. Walls, recently convicted of conspiracy to defraud the city, were denied a new trial. All three were then sentenced to not less than eight months nor more than two years in prison. They appealed to the Superior Court, thus securing a stay in beginning their prison terms.

Senator Stineman Dead.

State Senator Jacob C. Stineman, of Johnstown, elected last November on the Washington party ticket, died at his home on Wednesday. He had been ill for some weeks.

Dr. Schaeffer Re-elected.

State Superintendent of Public Instruction N. C. Schaeffer was yesterday re-elected at Harrisburg for a four years term. He has held the post continuously for 20 years.

SEND MONEY AND CASH TO VICTIMS OF FLOOD

W. C. T. U. and Grand Army Post Extend Helping Hand.

VETERANS RAISED $125

Women's Committee Shipped Numerous Barrels of Clothing, Shoes and Provision to Ohio Towns—Prompt Response by Citizens.

As a result of splendid work done by the Bellefonte W. C. T. U. and the Gregg Post, No. 95, G. A. R., substantial donations in the shape of money, clothing and provision were this week sent to the flood-swept districts of Ohio and Indiana. The Grand Army Post sent a donation of $125, subscribed by the Post and Bellefonte business men. The W. C. T. U. opened a receiving station in Petriken Hall on Monday and started shipments to Ohio at once. The first shipment, consisting of several boxes and barrels, was made on Monday evening. Numerous other shipments have been made since that time. The express companies have handled all such shipments without charge.

The W. C. T. U. raised $76.50 in money, but did not send it to Ohio The money was used in purchasing articles here which were then shipped to the flood district.

The $125 fund raised by the G. A. R. will be devoted to the relief of Grand Army people in the flooded district. The several contributors to the fund were as follows:

Cash, 50
H. K. Hoy, $1.00
Harry Keller, $1.00
Hazel Brothers, $2.00
William P. Humes, $2.00
Montgomery & Co., $1.00
J. P. Smith, $1.00
W. H. Musser, $2.00
E. H. Yocum, $1.00
William Tressler, $1.00
William B. Rankin, $1.00
D. F. Fortney, $1.00
C. C. Shuey, $5.00
T. Donachy, .50
F. W. Crider, $10.00
S. B. Miller, $5.00
Monroe Armor, .75
J. P. Hughes, $5.00
W. A. Ishler, $1.00
Emanuel Noll, $1.00
John Reed, $1.00
J. T. Zeigler, $1.00
G. W. Port, $1.00
Jared Harper, $10.00
Gregg Port, 95, $25.00
W. G. Runkle, $1.00
Chas. E. Dorworth, $1.00
Jacob Woodring, $1.00
William Noll, Jr., $1.00
J. C. Sebring, $1.00
N. B. Spangler, $1.00
H. C. Valentine, $1.00
Mrs. Lizzie Russell, $1.00
W. H. Derstine, $1.00
J. K. Barnhart, $1.00
C. K. Hicklen, $1.00
C. M. McCurdy, $5.00
A. Y. Wagner, $5.00
C. F. Cook, $1.00
Cash, $5.00
J. P. Harris, $1.00
J. H. Wetzel, $1.00
D. A. Grove, $1.00
John D. Miller, $1.00
W. F. Speer, $1.00
H. C. Quigley, $1.00
D. R. Foreman, $1.00
J. Frank Smith, $1.00
Gettig, Bower & Zerby, $2.00
Cash, $2.00
Cash, $2.00
Morris & Sheffer, $2.00
H. P. Shaeffer, $1.00
Jonas E. Wagner, $1.00

Howdy, Squire.

Governor Tener has appointed Cyrus Brungart, of Centre Hall, a Justice of the Peace.

Good Rule of Life.

While walking through a downtown street the other day,
I heard a little urchin to his comrade turn and say,
"Say, Jimmie, let me tell youse, I'd be happy as a clam.
If I only was de feller dat me mudder tinks I am.

"Gee, Jim, she tinks that I'm a wonder and she knows her little lad
Could never mix wid nothin' dat was ugly, mean or bad.
Lots er times I sits and tinks how nice 'twould be, gee whiz,
If a feller only was de feller dat his mudder thinks he is."

My friends, be yours a life of toil or undiluted joy,
You still can learn a lesson from this small, unlettered boy.
Don't aim to be an earthly saint, with your eyes fixed on a star.
Just try to be the fellow that your mother thinks you are.

—Chicago American.

TOWNSHIP ROAD BILL

New Measure Would Revolutionize Present System.

Maintenance of 78,000 miles of township roads in Pennsylvania is to be wholly revolutionized under the terms of a bill that is passing through the Legislature. The bill was introduced by Representative E. E. Jones, of Susquehanna county, author of the present "dirt road" law. It passed second reading in the House last week and will be up for final passage this week. This proposed law will put an end to the present powers vested in the township supervisor, placing his work under the guidance of the State Highway Department.

General supervision of local road affairs is to remain in the hands of three supervisors, in the township, elected by the people. The supervisors shall divide their township into one or more road districts, and shall employ a superintendent for the entire township or a road master for each district. The supervisors themselves may fill these positions.

The township supervisors of each county are to elect a County Superintendent of Township Roads and fix his salary at from $900 to $1,500 a year, to be paid by the State Highway Department. Two small counties may unite in the election of one superintendent if desired. Every County Superintendent is to be subject to the orders of the State Highway Department and to removal by the State Highway Commissioner for neglect of duty, incompetency or other cause, after a hearing.

The County Superintendent is to have "general charge of all township highways and bridges within his district or county" and to see that these are improved, repaired and maintained in accordance with the regulations of the State Highway Department. He is to inspect all roads and bridges at least once a year, and advise and direct how to repair and maintain them, ascertain the materials best suited for use, establish grades, approve plans and specifications for bridges and culverts and report to the State Highway Department.

The township supervisors are to levy annually a road tax not to exceed ten mills unless the courts shall approve a larger levy. All road tax shall be collected in cash, the old system of working taxes being abolished. Each township is to receive from the State fifty per cent. of the total of road tax money collected, this State aid not to exceed a total of $20 per mile of road in the township. This money may be withheld from townships whose supervisors refuse or neglect to carry out the instructions of the State Highway Commissioner. The law makes the township superintendent or roadmasters, under the general direction of the township supervisors subject to the rules and regulations of the State Highway Department in the care and maintenance of local roads.

The position of township deputy is created in the State Highway Department, and the maintenance of all highways constructed by State aid is put under his direction. The bill makes an appropriation of $3,000,000 to carry its provisions into effect during the next two years.

NO PRISON PROBE

Legislature Votes Down Resolution to Investigate Penitentiary.

The Legislature at Harrisburg last Thursday voted down the Baldwin resolution calling for an investigation of the management of the Western Penitentiary, also the purchase of lands in Centre Country as a site for the new prison and farm. The sponsors for the request that an investigation be made were unable to produce any tangible facts and the matter was quickly dropped.

It is believed that had the investigation been ordered the delay necessarily involved would have made impossible any appropriation for building purposes on the new prison site for the next two years.

Building New Club House.

The Osceola Fishing Club is pushing operations on a club house at Flat Rock. The members hope to have the house completed in about four weeks.

40 Chickens Burned.

Forty chickens were consumed in a fire which last Friday night destroyed the hen-coop of Mrs. A. B. Bitner, at West Mill Hall.

To Increase Wages.

The Mill Hall Brick Works have notified all employes of an advance in wages, averaging 10%, effective April 5.

Charter for Ladies' Club.

The Ladies Civic Club at Boalsburg has filed application with the court for a charter.

SAY KNOX MAY ENTER RACE AGAINST PENROSE

Rumor From Florida Starts Political Speculation.

MAY MEAN BIG FIGHT

Former Secretary of State Said to Have Received Offer of Support from Roosevelt Leaders—Expect Colonel to Stump State.

An interesting piece of political gossip is contained in a Harrisburg despatch to United States Senator George T. Oliver's "Pittsburgh Gazette-Times" on Monday announcing that former United States Attorney General P. C. Knox will likely become a candidate against Boies Penrose for the latter's seat in the United States Senate. The article was written by Walter J. Christy, a staff correspondent of the "Gazette-Times" and an authority on State politics. It has occasioned no end of comment among politicians and to some is apparently not much of a surprise.

Mr. Knox is now in Florida, where Ex-Senator William Flinn has been rebuilding his health for several months. The two have been brought together frequently on the golf field. The assumption is that Flinn has encouraged Knox to enter the race, assuring him support from the Roosevelt forces in Pennsylvania.

Mr. Knox, according to the latest gossip, contemplates quitting Pittsburgh and making his home permanently at Valley Forge, nearby Philadelphia, where he now has an extensive farm.

It is considered likely that the eastern end of the State will be conceded the privilege of naming the successor to Penrose, whose home is in Philadelphia. By locating permanently at Valley Forge Mr. Knox would become eligible geographically for the vacancy. There is nothing to interfere, however, with selecting both Senators from any one part of the State.

Senator Penrose has made no formal announcement of his plans, although his friends take it for granted that he will become a candidate for re-election. The nearest approach to an announcement of his candidacy was a recent statement by him that he contemplated visiting many points in the interior counties in the next year. He recently spent a day or two at Williamsport, addressing a Republican gathering there on the night of Lincoln's birthday anniversary.

Mr. Knox has already served in the United States Senate. He was first named to a cabinet position at Washington by President McKinley, who appointed him Attorney General. This post Mr. Knox resigned to succeed Senator Quay in the United States Senate. Subsequently he resigned the position of Senator to become Secretary of State under Taft, George T. Oliver being named for the vacancy in the Senate. Mr. Knox has, therefore, served under three Presidents, McKinley, Roosevelt and Taft.

It has become pretty generally understood that in the event Senator Penrose seeks re-election Colonel Roosevelt will invade Pennsylvania and conduct a whirlwind campaign against him. Whether Mr. Knox does or does not become an aspirant, all indications are that the fight for the Penrose seat will be a hummer.

Trustees Held Final Meeting.

What was the final meeting of the old board of trustees of the Bellefonte Academy was held on Tuesday to arrange details for the proposed foreclosure proceeding at which Professor J. R. Hughes expects to take over the property. The new board of directors for the Academy will include a number of Bellefonte citizens and also representative citizens of Pittsburgh and other cities.

Decides Water Co. Case.

The State Supreme Court on Monday handed down an opinion sustaining the decree of Judge Orvis in the case of the Boalsburg Water Co. vs. the State College Water Co. The ruling of the highest court is a victory for the State College company. The costs is the case were imposed on the Boalsburg Water Co.

Passed Popular Vote.

By a vote of 41 to 0 the Senate at Harrisburg yesterday passed finally the resolution ratifying the federal constitution amendment to elect United States Senators by popular vote. The signature of the Governor is not required.

Finkelstine this week moved his 5 & 10c store to the Bush Arcade.

"FUTURE OF WOMAN"

(Continued from first page)

hand, is of primary importance.

So we remind ourselves first of all, that under Roman law women had few if any civil rights, though this seems to have been due, not so much to the sex as to the existence of the patria potestas which gave to the head of the family even the power of life and death over its other members.

This power, however, gradually weakened, and we find that even before the first century of our era women began to exercise the same civil rights to property and personal liberty with men.

Now, the Romans entered Britain in about the year 55 B. C. and continued in power there until about 420 A. D.

By the end of the first century A. D. christianity was introduced in Britain and this may have hastened the further emancipation of women. At any rate, early in the fourth century Roman law accorded almost complete freedom of contract to unmarried women, though married women were still regarded as in a sort of guardianship by their husbands. At the same time Roman law, practically permitting divorce at will, threatened the disruption of family life. Thus our ancient British mothers and spinster aunts, coming under the influence of Roman customs and laws, passed from a state of barbaric submission under tribal rule to the acquisition of legal rights that marked a considerable advance towards freedom. They were now in the middle of the road, but they not had gone very far in it, when the Germanic tribes came along and, adding their influence to that of the church, drew the family bonds tighter, and placed all women on a common legal level under the guardianship of the male sex,—switched them off into the woods to follow at the flanks of the male procession.

But this does not seem to have lasted long. The influence of Roman law rose again above the Germanic and the ecclesiastical idea, and to such a point that the earliest English law of which we have a record, about 800 A. D., indicates that a woman, when she had a real grievance, might not only leave her husband, but take the children and half the goods with her, a prerogative scarcely hoped for by our most radical reformers now.

She was again in the middle of the road, but only to be called back to the point where she left it long ago,—at least where the married part left. For, with the growth of feudalism any freedom that existed in earlier times as to the married woman disappeared. In private law the unmarried woman was, with few exceptions, on a par with man, while public law gave her no rights and exacted from her no duties, save the duty of paying taxes, though her capacity to sue was limited, solely because she was unable to fight. But with the substitution of more modern procedure for trial by battle, this passed away.

Of course the society which relies, as feudalism did, upon force, would necessarily accord few legal rights to women and could naturally impose upon her only the minimum of duties.

As feudal society was displaced by the policed society of modern times, and as war ceased to be the chronic condition for the settlement of disputes it became more difficult to justify any legal discrimination, at least as regards private rights between man and woman.

And yet it was not until 1870 that the English parliament began by statute to extend separate property rights generally to all women.

Blackstone's theory prevailed through several centuries.

It was in effect that by marriage the husband and wife were one person in law.

That is, the very being or legal existence of the woman was suspended during the marriage, or at least was incorporated and consolidated into that of the husband.

That the female sex and a large portion of the male sex, no longer acquiesce in Blackstone's opinion, recent events make quite manifest.

As viewed stage by stage the pathway between barbarism and civil rights seems short. And yet for the British and Anglo-Saxon woman the distance traveled measures fully eighteen hundred years!

Think, too, what a change from the old Jewish law as reflected in the Tenth Commandment which lists a man's wife among his belongings after his horse, and do not forget that most of the credit is due to christianity.

"Is Now."

Having seen over what a long and zig-zag pathway the Anglo-Saxon woman has traveled in order to acquire equal private and civil rights with man, it is neither cynical nor discourteous to affirm that she is still a variable quantity in the progress of social and political evolution.

Historically, she is not merely the resultant and exponent of the highest standards of evolving civilization, but an argument by the aid of which another generation of her own sex and race may realize its ideals of equality with the male sex.

At different stages during the present era she has gained now one right and now another, sometimes losing and then recovering. But the curious fact appears that, so far as I have been able to discover, each gain resulted, not from her own initiative, not from her own seeking in her own way, but from favoring social or political movements in which men were the leaders and the willing benefactors of the constitutionally weaker sex.

Here and there at intervals appear proofs of feminine effortsat self-improvement domestically, intellectually and educationally, but nowhere any femininely initiated and organized movements such as we see in the Suffragette movement of today.

Situations arose creating social changes to which women readily, efficiently, and even meekly adjusted themselves. Situations suggesting ideals which invited commendable endeavor for their realization. Situations in which man saw and appreciated the justice, the wisdom and even the necessity of bestowing upon women equal civil rights with themselves. In the acquisition and exercise of these rights she has proved herself both a helpmate and a helpmeet for man. The one seems to mean fit or suitable to be chosen as helpers in the ordinary affairs of social life; the other, fit or suitable to be chosen as a helper in domestic affairs—as a wife in the propogation and bringing up of children.

In the home as a wife and mother, in domestic drudgery of every sort, in the school, in the public library, and in the church as both the saver and saviour of righteousness. She has proved her capacity for guiding thought and moulding character consonant with the highest ideas of citizenship, and hence has won a place in those public official bodies designed to promote and conserve the best interests of citizenship.

Yes, in other spheres of service, in hospitals for the sick, in homes for the friendless and infirm of all stages in life, in Red Cross service on the battlefield; on the farm, in the factory, in the shop, in the office building, in the management of property and even in the influencing legislation for the common good, she has proved herself a helpmate worthy of man's highest consideration, an asset of the greatest economic value. She is an authoress, an artist, a heroine in maternity, a genius in heart-culture, an indispensable perquisite of parental pedagogies, and the ultima thule of all social life, as seen in the halls of the National Gallery Company Limited. But as yet, collectively, she is not man's economic or political equal,—only his economic helpmate. And, however unpleasant sounding, it must be said that a helpmate implies submission to the authority and recognition of the headship of another.

This is "as it was in the beginning" and "is now", God or nature, whichever is preferred, or ordained. At any rate, up until now the authority, the headship, the leadership, the initiative has been with the man.

While it is true that woman is peculiarly fitted for some occupations for which man is not fitted at all, and the reverse is true also, it is nevertheless equally true that constructively man has always held authority and accepted the responsibility, the woman being his helpmate. When two persons do the same work they are equal workers. But if one exercises authority and accepts responsibility and the other does not, they are not working equals. Or if under the same conditions, one does for another what that other cannot do, they are not working equals. They are not helpmates. The exercise of authority and acceptance of responsibility disposes of the question of equality. What shall be the status of woman hereafter when, on her own initiative, her ideals shall have been realized or her ambitions satisfied, remains to be seen, and that is what I am expected to foreshow—what she

"Ever Shall Be."

Having seen how she has come to what she is intellectually, socially, industrially and legally, one cannot help wondering why she is not satisfied; why she wants something that will impose duties heretofore regarded as unwomanly, as hinting at the unsexing of the sex; and why for the first time, so far as we know, she is taking the initiative. What she wants at least what some part of her thinks she wants, is equal suffrage, political equality with man. The fact that as to this she is divided in herself collectively shows that as yet she does not possess sufficient power of sex initiative to justify an appeal for it even though she had already proved her constitutional fitness. Hence what remains to be said may be classified by the use of another familiar formulae in the Initiative, Referendum and Recall.

The Initiative.

In the first place, I think the initiative is backed by moral and benevolent motives. The spirit of the age is pragmatic. Idealism has broken down and materialism is dominant. Materialism has displaced the old ideas of high moral action and has put in their place a code of ethics which produces spirtual inertia. Coeducation has aroused feminine ambition for independent remunerative service which has drawn women into contact with economic conditions that have changed the old fashioned ideas of the relations of the sexes. There is a sense in which, speaking generally and according to the ideas of fifty years ago, women have fallen from grace. It was inevitable that by entering into competition with men in callings from which they were formerly excluded, they should, for a time at least, find themselves at a disadvantage and then begin agitation for legislation which would dissipate the disadvantage. The process though successful from a material point of view, was more or less disturbing sociologically.

The chivalric spirit among men has suffered a decline and the general recognition of marriage as a civil contract which places the parties to it on an equal footing before the law and which may be cancelled by agreement between the parties thereto, is again threatening the destruction of the family life. Marriage is coming to be regarded as a matter of convenience, while divorce for any cause is growing out of thought as among things that are disgraceful. The many concomitant results of this changed attitude of the sexes to each other do not need special mention here. It is sufficient to say, that freedom of contact between them after arriving at a certain age, in the schools, in the pursuit of various callings and wherever the sex differences fail of due recognition, is productive of ethical ideals which make old fashioned folks shiver.

If it was necessary that women should become breadwinners in the ranks with men, it was also inevitable that they must take their chances with them. And it was this fact, I take it, which prompted the women's movements for social service and equal suffrage. That they are laudable and necessary goes without saying. But that a fair footing has been found on which to predicate success does not yet appear.

Miss Ruth Rouse, an English woman, in the International Review as quoted by the Review of Reviews for March, says: "There are two spiritual forces behind the women's movement in the West. The first of these is a striving for the development and expression of personality. The second force is a striving opportunity to serve the community. "Nothing strikes the observant student more forcibly than the way in which the note of self-expression is rapidly transcended by the note of service, if indeed the note of service be not dominant from the first."

Accepting these statements as true, in the present state of society nothing could be more encouraging. They appeal most strongly for the endorsement and practical aid of all right minded men. For they allay all fear, as expressed in some quarters, of an oncoming sex war. And besides the strivings being successful, they assure an adjustment of sex conditions which shall remove all doubt as to the advisability of granting to women whatever civil or political rights they may ask for.

The Referendum.

In the meantime there are several things to be thought of. Woman must remember that the male sex has never denied her any rights and privileges which she has proved herself capable of exercising. As yet, for lack of physical fitness, as well as for lack of experience in affairs that concern the combined interests and forces of both sexes, the approaches to her ideals in regard to coveted rights are now and for some time to come must be spasmodic and difficult.

She must remember that political rights imply illegibility for place on the school board, on the municipal council board, in the mayor's office, on the bench, at the bar, in the jury box, in the legislature, in any and every state office, in the Army and Navy, in the police-force, etc. etc., beginning at the polls.

Then, too, she must pull herself together and decide, perhaps, by a separate sex vote, whether the major part of herself desires all that some small part of herself thinks she does. In eight or ten states of our union that have adopted woman suffrage on equality with man, it is said that a very small minority of women entitled to the privileges have exercised it. She must remember that the equal suffrage some women are striving for implies equal voice and equal authority in all affairs of state.

Now the contention is that woman's service in the many spheres already mentioned proves her fitness for service in all affairs of State. That the historical reasons for denying political equality with man have disappeared as completely as those for denying private rights. But, in the absence of precedents of permanent value, I am not prepared to agree to this. It seems to me that woman's further advance from a state of semi-subordination to the male sex to a state of equality in all affairs of state must still be through experiences which shall prove her to be constitutionally fitted for all the duties of public life with man.

But there are no historical precedents of permanent value to stand on. No facts, or rare occasions fortuitious circumstances of birth or revolution have brought women to the front, but only as exceptions which do not apply to modern forms of government.

Looking down the long vista of human progress we behold such splendid examples as Miriam and Deborah at the farther end, coming nearer, a Jean d'Arc in France, and almost where we stand several queens of England. But close inquiry will reveal them all as helpmates.

Moreover, we must not forget that equal authority implies equal responsibility. At a time when government by the people is still in the experimental stage; when its safe-guarding and fuller development depend so much on the back-bone of force; when the decision of grave international and sometimes interracial questions must depend on a virility embodied in police systems and armies and navies, is woman prepared to stand side by side and on a equality with man?

Nature does not seem to have qualified her for responsibilities which present day political conditions impose.

As to brain power we may admit her equality with man, may concede that she is qualified to serve with him wherever brain power is the chief or only equipment needed. But when brain faces economic questions which cannot be solved, and bellicose situations which cannot be met without resort to brain, woman must confess that she is constitutionally unequal to the task. And I am persuaded that all fair-minded women of every social grade will refuse places of authority under circumstances which will relieve them of such responsibility as the exercise of that authority may entail.

When woman asks for equal suffrage with man in all affairs of state she asks for opportunity of service wherever man serves; for a share of authority which carries responsibility and requires service with men on the police force, in the army, and in the navy,—an Amazonian ambition that belongs to the age of myths. Before claiming and assuming this service, authority and responsibilty, she must do what she has not yet done, that is prove that she is constitutionally capable.

In a case before the Supreme Court of the United States the late Justice Brewer, passing on the constitutionality of laws interfering with woman's industrial liberty, said:—"Even though all restrictions in political, personal and contractual rights were taken away, and she stood, as far as statutes are concerned, upon an absolutely equal plane with man, it would still be true that she is so constituted that she will rest upon and look to him for protection; that her physical structure and a proper discharge of her maternal functions (having in view, not merely her own health, but the well-being of the race) justify legislation to protect her from the greed as well as the passion of man. * * *

The two sexes differ in structure of body, in the functions to be performed by each, in the amount of physical strength, in the capacity for long continued labor, particularly when done standing, the influence of vigorous health upon the future well being of the race, the self-reliance which enables one to assert full rights and in the capacity to maintain the struggle for subsistence.

This difference justifies a difference in legislation and upholds that which is designed to compensate for some of the burdens which rest upon her. Coeducation of the sexes is doing much toward fitting woman physically and mentally for occupations that do not require the full measure of strength and endurance of which man is capable. Also for the mothering of healthy and virile progeny. But a criticism comes from a serious quarter which alleges that with the great majority of female students in our colleges the objective in both mental and physical training is equal fitness, equal opportunity, equal work, equal wage and equal responsibility with men, while the mothering of a healthier and more efficient offspring is in the thought of a scarcely perceptible few. And the birth-rate among those of this class who marry seems to justify the criticism. The mothering of children interferes with the pursuit of male occupations, and it is said that many women who have such occupation in view are inclined to decide the question of matrimony by considering whether such interference can be avoided.

Of course the same is true also of men whose motive in marriage, if it rises above the gratification of passion, stops at an economic helpmate in a home without children. Now the New York World thinks it has found the physically perfect woman among the 400 girl students of Cornell University. "She is not a farm girl, but city bred, yet she is studying agriculture for a profession. She does not eat candy. She is 5 feet 7 inches tall and weighs 171 pounds. She has a 30.3 inch waist and a chest measure 4.3 inches larger, about the proportions of the Venus of Milo."

For some time past Cornell and other co-ed colleges have been turning out samples of near-perfect women intellectually. If the prospects were bright for combining these two types of women indefinitely it might be easy to forecast the future of woman.

But a system of education which results in limiting the propagation of the best manhood and womanhood and at the same time sets up competition with men in employments for which the male sex is naturally fitted and for which the female sex is only artificially fitted does not furnish a safe basis for a favorable forecast.

This is not to assume however that the time for equal suffrage, for instance, will never come. But that it has not come and, moreover, that it ought not to come until the masculine forces now required in maintaining governmental authority and in shouldering the responsibilities which go with that authority shall have been permanently displaced by universal submission to moral suasion; by such pacific methods of civil and political administrations as shall effectually negative the use of force in the execution of law; by the permanent establishment of such courts of last resort as the Hague Tribunal foreshadows.

The Recall.

But until then, what? Will the Woman's Suffrage movement drag along and presently die out as many another movement in the interests of social and political reform has done? Not at all. The danger is that with the aid of men actuated by socialistic ideas of anarchistic type which socialists of the better class reject it will succeed too soon.

Some women are going at it with madness in their methods. In England with broomsticks, brick-bats, bombs and arson. In this country with hallelujahs, hikes and threats of Armagedden.

But rioting is not a product of reasoning, nor does it represent the attitude of those whose advocacy of equal suffrage is based on belief in it, not as a perquisite of citizenship, but as a means of accomplishing certain necessary reforms. In Harrisburg the other day Mrs. Blankenburg voiced the motive of the conservatives when she said to members of the Legislature, "Give us the ballot, gentlemen, and we will bring you better citizenship." This covers everything contemplated by the movements. Better citizenship means better social conditions.

However different their promoters may be in environment, occupations, national temperament, and in religion the aims and undertakings of the modern woman are everywhere fundamentally alike, the motive of all being Social Service.

Speaking somewhat more in detail, Miss Rouse, on the other side of the Atlantic says:—

The women's movements in every country makes the abolition of the "white slave" traffic and the suppression of the social evil one of its main aims. In this, and in their endeavors to combat impure literature and pictures, overcrowded dwellings, and unsanitary conditions, women are entering the lists for the protection of their homes and those of others, and striving to make possible a pure and strong family life. The most powerful incentive to the demand for women's suffrage in land after land has been the conviction, gradually arrived at by women, that the vote was necessary if they were to ward off the evils that threaten the home.

So it appears that the movement for equal suffrage in this country and in England had its rise in social service for the protection of the home, in the belief that this protection cannot be secured except through female suffrage. In this basket they have put all their eggs. Let us grant this ballot for this object. But let us remind our female friends that the home does not extend beyond the municipality or its corporate equal, the township. Nor the function of municipal or township government in getting the business of its housekeeping done. Let us admit that in such service women are eminently fit to be recognized as men's equals. Here as such let us give them the ballot.

The dominant note of the day in the family, in the municipality, in the State, in the nation, and in the church is reorganization and regeneration. In this work of reorganization and regeneration to which we have set our hand, so far as it pertains to the home woman should be recognized as the most important factor and therefore should have a vote.

But it behooves us to remember that our state and national governments were framed for the protection of political liberty. That as defenders of political liberty and political institutions women are not constitutionally fitted, and therefore in matters pertaining to these, they should not have a vote, on the same principle that men who do not own property should not have a vote on the question of issuing bonds secured by property.

When political institutions and their protection shall no longer predicate resort to force, men will grant women equal suffrage with themselves though it involves their own political unsexing. In coming to that day women must be as patient in the future as they have been in the past. They must realize that equal suffrage politically will proceed along parallel lines with and no faster than two other great world movements, namely, Church Unity and Universal Peace, which means permanent military disarmament of all nations.

The future of women on this side of that day is bound up with a reorganized home in which parental authority will resume its rightful seat and the mother will be queen in the characters as well as in the hearts of the children. Bound up also with a regenerated municipality in which social service shall subordinate the interests and occupations and liberties of both sexes to the dictates of truth and honor and justice, from which the state and nation shall recruit a citizenship of the highest quality among humans.

The future of women on the other side of that day is a dream that must await realization under a social order like that of the bees which has in every hive the queen bee, a few drones, the great majority being renters or workers, perhaps of both sexes, with nothing to do but gather honey all the day from the flower cups of fairy-land.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes.

One size smaller by using Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder for swollen tender, aching feet. It makes walking a delight, relieves corns and bunions of all pain, and gives rest and comfort. Sold everywhere, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample free. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Ibrahim the Ingenious.

Ibrahim, whose dusty history Dr. Hester Donaldson Jenkins of Columbia university has related in monograph, entitled "Ibrahim Pasha, Grand Vizier of Suleiman the Magnificent," was a child of destiny.

By birth a Greek, he rose from the estate of a slave to a position second only to that of the sultan himself, and the secret of his swift rise to power is subtly indicated by an isolated instance of his cleverness in playing upon his master's vanity. Soon after Suleiman's marriage the young sultan is said to have asked his grand vizier which of the two ceremonies was the finer, his own or Ibrahim's.

"There never has been a feast equal to my wedding," Ibrahim replied.

"Why?" asked the sultan, somewhat offended.

"Oh, my padishah," said Ibrahim, with intense modesty, "my wedding was honored by the presence of Suleiman, lord of the age, firm rampart of Islam, possessor of Mecca, lord of Damascus and Egypt, caliph of the lofty threshold and lord of the residence of the Pleiades, but to your festival who was there of equally exalted rank who might come?"

Eiffel Tower's Changes.

That the Eiffel tower moves daily vertically and horizontally has long been beyond doubt. It may be seen in a gale swaying from side to side. M. Guillaume has been investigating these movements and has given the results in a paper read before the Academy of Science. He finds that the great iron structure may vary from two to three centimeters in height every day. The elevation and depression are not equally distributed, as only one of its sides may be affected by the rise or fall of the temperature, and thus the tower may be compared to a person shifting his weight alternately from one foot to another. If a cloud covers the tower and hides the sun the temperature falls a few degrees and the tower diminishes, and when the sun shines again it rapidly rises a centimeter or two. But the bolts holding the frame together are affected only to an infinitesimal degree. Therefore there is no danger of any violent dislocation.—Exchange.

The Dogs Day.

Luckily for the human race, though styles come and go, mankind itself never goes out of fashion. Dogs are not so lucky. Every age has its preference for a particular breed of canine beauty. The greyhound, with his light, sketchy outlines, was in high favor during the reign of Louis XI., and the Great Dane, that had previously been the fashion, declined into a period of "nobody loves me." Danes became scarce and greyhounds plenty. But under Louis XV. the Dane "came back" and multiplied again. The king's dog wore a collar of gold set with diamonds. Following this, the Scotch terrier had his turn. Then the greyhound came back in favor. Charles VIII., Henry IV. and Louis XIII. loved their dogs so well that the dogs slept in the royal bedrooms.—New York Mail.

Highest and Lowest State.

Almost everybody knows which is the smallest and which is the largest state in the Union, but how many know which is the lowest and which is the highest? According to the measurements and calculations made by the United States geological survey, Delaware is the lowest state, its elevation above sea level averaging only sixty feet. Colorado is the highest, averaging 6,800 feet above the sea, while Wyoming is a close second, only 100 feet lower than Colorado. In minimum elevation Florida and Louisiana dispute second place after Delaware, their average elevation being, for each, 100 feet. Taking the United States as a whole, our country lies slightly above the average elevation of the land of the globe.—New York Press.

Hopi Indian Debutantes.

Among the Hopi girls of marriageable age signify their willingness for matrimony by doing their hair up in whorls, one over each ear. In the symbolism of the tribe these whorls represent the blossoms of the squash vine. These whorls are taken down at marriage, and thereafter the matron wears her hair in two rolls, one hanging down each side of her face. These rolls are said to represent the fruit of the squash.—Christian Herald.

Sure of His Choir.

A peppery New England parson who was disturbed by his choir during prayer time got even with them when he give out his closing hymn by adding, "I hope the entire congregation will join in singing their grand old hymn, and I know the choir will, for I heard them humming it during the prayer."

A Fine Distinction.

"Is your daughter willing to learn to cook and sweep?"

"No; she declines to do those things. But she says she'll take a course in domestic science if we'll send her to some college."—Louisville Courier Journal.

A Debt Recognized.

"The world owes me a living!" shouted the excitable theorist.

"Well," replied the serene citizen, "you're alive, aren't you?"—Washington Star.

A Wise Child.

Governess—Tommy, what is the future of "I diagnose?"

Physician's Child—"I operate," Miss Brown.—Life.

Every man is valued in this world as he shows by his conduct that he wishes to be valued.—Bruyere.

First Prize

Success Follows a Failure

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The crowd pushed through the entrance gates of the big county fair in a continuous stream. Outside the great fenced in area was a maze of vehicles of every description, from the humblest box wagon to the highly varnished and luxuriously equipped motorcar.

Inside the grounds there was as great a dissimilitude among the people wandering from one exhibit to another, streaming in and out of the sideshows or gathered in the refreshment tents.

Phoebe Sweet had arrived that morning in her father's comfortable two seated carriage, all the available space about her piled with daintily wrapped boxes, for Phoebe always exhibited at the Corinth county fair, and her bread and cake and canned fruit always carried away the first prizes.

Today had been an exception, however, for one by one the coveted prizes had been awarded to another exhibitor, who in years past had been among the vanquished, and, although Phoebe had smiled bravely as she saw her products passed by, she was bitterly disappointed at the outcome.

Her father, arriving at the building too late, found her at the door, flushed and rather dejected. "Same old story, Phoebe, bird?" he asked affectionately.

She shook her head dolefully. "What is the matter with me, father? I didn't take a prize—not one!"

"Why-eeee!" exploded Mr. Sweet, aghast. "What in thunder are those fellows thinking about anyway? What do they know about bread or cake or pies, eh? Let me have a look."

He was about to pass her when Phoebe caught his shoulder and shook him laughingly.

"It's no use, father, dear. Mrs. Scoville's products really are superior to mine. Let us go back and look at them, and please don't let any one know we are very much disappointed."

"I'll look as glad as I can that Mrs. Whats-her-name has carried off all the honors," smiled Mr. Sweet as he led his daughter down the building to the exhibit of domestic productions.

A few people were gathered about a table on which were set forth several loaves of beautifully baked bread, some toothsome frosted cakes and a row of vari-tinted canned fruits. A tall, sunburned young man was speaking to a short, plump, motherly looking woman.

"You've carried off honors for the family, Aunt Sabrina," he was saying cordially.

"Good land, George, I'm almost ashamed to have taken it. That pretty girl almost cried when they passed over her things with just 'honorable mention.' There's so few girls who can cook nowadays that they ought to be encouraged instead of an old woman like me stepping in. I declare, there she is now!"

Phoebe had heard the frankly spoken words and had flushed warmly. Mr. Sweet smiled good naturedly, and the woman, who was Mrs. Scoville, stepped forward with a pleasant, winning smile.

"You heard what I said," she remarked, holding out a plump hand to Phoebe. "And I meant it too. Your things look beautiful, and I'm sure they taste as good as they look."

"Thank you, Mrs. Scoville, you are too kind," said Phoebe gratefully. "This is my father; dad, this is Mrs. Scoville, who carried off the prizes this year. We must congratulate her."

Mrs. Scoville warmly insisted that Phoebe's dainties were as good as her own if not much better, and much time was spent in comparing the two exhibits.

"I used to see you carrying off the prize every year," said Mrs. Scoville at last, "and I told George, my nephew, that it was too bad a girl should carry off highest honors every year, so I pitched in and tried for the prizes, and now that I've got them all I don't feel a mite better. I feel just as you overheard me telling George. And, by the way, where is George?" She looked around for the sunburned young man who had been talking to her.

"If he was the tall young chap who was talking to you when we came up I saw him going over toward the race track," remarked Mr. Sweet.

"Oh, dear me! Of course he would be going there at this time. His little mare Princess will be in the three-year-old trotting class. Would you care to go over and see the race?"

"We expected to. I've got a horse in it myself," said Mr. Sweet. "My hired man is going to drive."

"George will drive himself," observed Mrs. Scoville as they walked across the grass toward the trotting course. "I do hope Princess will win. He's so fond of her and has set his heart on winning this race."

Phoebe, walking silently beside the two older people, looked like a pretty flower in her sheer white dress, from which her pink face, under a lacy white hat, trembled like a wind blown blossom. Childless and widowed Mrs. Scoville looked at the girl more than once as Mr. Sweet told of how cleverly his only child managed the motherless household.

"I don't know what I shall do if Phoebe ever gets married," he ended, with a sigh.

"And that does not seem unlikely," smiled Mrs. Scoville over Phoebe's embarrassed head.

"I dislike every eligible young man," laughed Mr. Sweet good naturedly.

In the grand stand Phoebe felt a glow of interest in Mrs. Scoville's handsome nephew, George Belden, who appeared in a small sulky driving a dainty black mare. He scanned the faces in the grand stand and waved his cap toward his aunt.

"Ah, there comes Sam, driving Dewey!" exclaimed Mr. Sweet as a straw whiskered man came into view on the course. The horse Dewey, which had won many a heat for its owner, was a long, rawboned specimen of equine flesh, but with an enormous power of reserve strength that brought its homely nose under the line every time.

Sam saluted his employer, and Mr. Sweet waved his hat, and Phoebe fluttered a handkerchief. But her father noticed a singular lack of enthusiasm in her manner. Her eyes were not on her father's horse, but were following the course taken by George Belden's black mare.

"If you go back on Dewey, daughter, I shall feel that you have found another sweetheart than your old dad," he said in a low tone, and Phoebe's quick caress and blushing protest seemed to satisfy him.

Presently they were away, and the crowd on the grand stand held its breath while there sounded the sharp trot—trot—trot around the course.

From the very beginning Dewey took the lead, and the other racers stretched out obliquely on his left. The black mare Princess held her white nose close to the left wheel of Sam's sulky, and Phoebe discovered herself harboring traitorous thoughts.

She wanted Dewey to win, and she wanted George Belden to win. She didn't even know him to speak to, and yet she didn't want to see the look of disappointment come into his eyes. Yet she blushed at her own forwardness in harboring such thoughts.

As for her father, Mr. Sweet had taken the purse at the trotting course for many years, and would he not be disappointed if Dewey should fail him this last year that he would enter him? So Phoebe turned her blue eyes away from the black mare and fastened them loyally on Dewey's lank form and exerted all her mental powers to desire that his homely old nose should once more come under the wire in lead of his fellows.

"Princess is gaining—gaining!" cried Mrs. Scoville jubilantly, and then a quick frown creased her forehead. "Dear me, Mr. Sweet, I do wish George's mare was not running against your Dewey! It makes it hard to be impartial."

"Much obliged, Mrs. Scoville. I shan't take it hard if the youngster wins out. We old folks must retire some day. It's got down to a race between Princess and Dewey after all."

"I know George's heart will be broken," lamented Mrs. Scoville as Dewey flew under the wire to a loud demonstration from the crowd. "He'd set his heart on Princess winning this race, and he was so confident that he planned to take me on a trip to the mountains with the purse."

"I'm sorry, ma'am," and Mr. Sweet's eyes twinkled with pleasure in spite of himself. "But I'll promise to put Dewey out to grass after this and give the younger ones a chance."

"No, no! That wouldn't be what George calls 'sportsmanlike,'" protested Mrs. Scoville as they emerged from the stand and waited near the gate for George Belden's appearance.

When he came disappointment was plainly written on his frank face, but he swallowed it when he discovered that Mr. Sweet was Dewey's owner, and with good grace he congratulated the winner and was presented to Phoebe, whose few words of regret at the defeat of Princess seemed to compensate him for the loss of the race, for he regained his spirits immediately and proved to be a very genial, companionable young man.

They paired off then, Mrs. Scoville and Mr. Sweet leading the way, while Phoebe and George lingered along, becoming better acquainted as they viewed the different exhibits and enjoyed the simple pleasures of the fair.

George Belden inspected Phoebe's cakes and bread and gravely asserted that he could see no difference between those toothsome viands and his aunt's products that had carried off the honors. And Phoebe blushed and dimpled and thanked him and confided to him that she had been almost sorry to see Dewey win the race—because—because she had taken such a fancy to the dainty little Princess.

Of course George invited her to take a ride behind the black mare, and as the Sweets lived ten miles distant from George Belden's farm it became something of a custom for the young man to drive over and spend a Sunday with the Sweets and take Phoebe out driving and, later on, sleighing.

When June came around Phoebe Sweet sought her father one evening and wound her arms about his neck. "Oh, father," she whispered softly, "George says he did win first prize at the Corinth fair last fall—that's me! And I think I won first prize in getting him! You don't mind, do you?"

Mr. Sweet kissed her lovingly and looked into her soft blue eyes with his twinkling one.

"It takes the old folks to win out, after all, honey," he said. "You see, Mrs. Scoville and I both took first prizes at Corinth fair, and we're taking 'em again now, because she'll have me, and I'll have her, and Dewey's prize money will pay for wedding trips all around."

Which proved to be a most satisfactory arrangement.

Big Business a Day Dream.

The expansion of British commerce, writes T. Sharper Knowlson in the Century, discussing "The Uses of Imagination in Business," was due to the day dreaming of practical men, who bound themselves together in trading guilds for the purpose of capturing the best business the world could offer. The expansion of American commerce is the same substance in a more modern setting. Those men who engineered its marvelous growth "saw the unseen" by aid of their imagination. Away in the west they saw the desert places, mere waste wilderness of the unproductive, and they "imagined" irrigation. And now the earth has become glad with the abundance of luscious fruits, and a prosperous people inhabit the once barren region. Some of them "imagined" railroads, others steel, and others, again, "saw" manufactures where none of these things had any existence. The romance of things is as real as the romance of human hearts.

When Andrew Lang Forgot.

Andrew Lang was absentminded at times. Once he paid a visit to a Scotch professor at a university where he lectured. He was to catch a return train early in the morning, and breakfast was ordered for 9 o'clock, but at 8:30 a horrified maid announced to the family that some one had stolen Mr. Lang's clothes and he couldn't get up. The host went to Mr. Lang's room and found him sitting up in bed in his monocle and pajamas. There was no sign of any other garment in the room. The host went downstairs to summon the police, but before he could get a connection by the state owned telephone the maid came running down to say that Mr. Lang's rigging had been found. He had folded up his clothes the night before and put them under his pillow because the pillow was too low and then forgotten all about it.—New York Sun.

Walking to Health.

When there is no organic weakness which is aggravated by the exertion it is the easiest and pleasantest thing to walk right into health. Of course there is no virtue in a dawdling walk. The slow and languid dragging of one foot after the other, which some people call walking, would tire an athlete. It utterly exhausts a weak person, and that is the reason why many delicate people think they cannot walk. To derive any benefit from the exercise it is necessary to walk with a light, elastic step, which swings the weight of the body so easily from one leg to the other that its weight is not felt and which produces a healthy glow, showing that the sluggish blood is stirred to action in the most remote veins. This sort of walking exhilarates the whole body, gives tone to the nerves and produces just that sort of healthful fatigue which encourages sound, restful sleep

Gambling as a Religious Duty.

"Speaking of gambling," a missionary said, "I know of a sect that regards it as a religious duty, like fasting or prayer. This sect is the Hindus. They one day in each year gamble like mad from sunrise till sunset. The day is the festival of the lamps, a day sacred to Lakshun, the goddess of wealth. A tremendous lot of money changes hands in Lakshun's honor. All this gambling is done to test the financial success that will attend on each person throughout the year. If a gambler loses he knows a year of hard luck is ahead of him. If he wins he knows he may expect a twelvemonth of prosperity. Strange to say, a good deal of cheating accompanies this religious gambling."

The Benefit of Sorrow.

By sorrow men learn that they need to be fed with higher food, that they must rest on stronger supports, that they must have other friends and other friendships, that they must live another life, that there must be something that neither time nor chance nor accident can undermine and sweep away. When men have learned the interior lesson of sorrow they look upon trouble not as being less troublous than it was, but as, from the higher point to which they have risen, unreal and dreamy.—Henry Ward Beecher.

He Knew.

"Willie, can you tell me what a vegetarian is?"

"A vegetarian is a person who lives on vegetables," replied Willie.

"That is correct. Now, I wonder who can tell me what an octogenarian is."

"I know," replied Eddie.

"Well, what is an octogenarian?"

"A noctogenarian is a person that knocks the other genarians."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Use For the Library.

"I often spend the entire night in my library."

"I didn't know you were such a great reader."

"I'm not. But one of my bookcases, you see, is a folding bed."—London Telegraph.

Speaking by the Card.

Mrs. Taylor—What's that saying about the watched pot, Bob? A watched pot—

Mr. Taylor (absently)—A watched pot is seldom shy.—Milwaukee Journal.

And It Is.

Wife — Tom, I wish you wouldn't play poker. I don't even like the name of the game. Hub—Why not? Wife—It suggests "playing with fire."—Boston Transcript.

Where life is more terrible than death it is then the truest valor to dare to live.—Browne.

About the Same Now.

The story is told in Joubert's "Popular Errors Concerning Medicine," published in Bordeaux, France, in 1579, that one Gonelle, a jester at the court of the Duke of Ferrara, insisted once upon a time that the trade which had the most followers was that of doctor. To prove his assertion he left his home one morning to go to the palace with his nightcap on and his jaws wrapped up. The first person he met stopped him with the question, "What is the matter with you, Gonelle?" "A terrible toothache." "Oh, is that all? I'll tell you what will cure it." And every person he met had some advice to give him. When the jester reached the duke's chamber the same question and answer were repeated. "Ah," said the prince, "I know of something that will take the pain right away." Gonelle instantly threw up his kerchief, saying: "And you, too, monseigneur, are a doctor? I have only passed through one street in coming from my house to you and have counted more than 200 of them. I believe I could find 10,000 in the city."

The Golden Yam.

The golden yam, that elaborates the sun and the soil into a sugar which makes saccharine seem sour, was set apart by our first parents as the overlord of all the tubers. The history of its Irish rival may be definitely traced to the foster care of Raleigh. It spread into Lancashire. Its path through the Low Countries may be followed as clearly as the march of the army worm. But the genealogy of the yam is lost in the morning mists of antiquity. It is supposed to be identical with the mandrake, for which the orient peoples dug as for hidden treasure. Beyond all peradventure it was the yam to which the Spanish gave what afterward became the generic name "batata," modified into our own collective "potato." Its purple flowers were hailed as the harbingers of nature's richest largesse, while Humboldt was still doubting whether nature originally had anything to do with the creation of the Irish potato.—Washington Post.

His Daily Square Meal.

The eccentric Dr. Fordyce, a well known professor of chemistry of the eighteenth century, believed that man required only one meal a day, and for twenty years he practiced what he preached. At four he would present himself at Dolly's chophouse, in Paternoster row, and immediately upon his arrival the cook would place a pound and a half of rump steak upon the gridiron. While it was cooking the doctor would amuse himself with some such trifle as half a broiled capon or a plate of fish, and a glass or two of brandy. Then came the steak, with a full accompaniment of bread and potatoes and a quart tankard of strong ale. This was followed by a bottle of old port, after which he would stroll to his rooms in Essex street, where he met his class and gave lectures on chemistry.—London Chronicle.

An Impressive Sight.

On his return from his first trip in the United States recently a German physician was asked which one of the sights had made the greatest impression on him. He said: "I saw Niagara falls and on my return to New York came through the picturesque Adirondack region. It was all majestically beautiful, but to a certain extent I was prepared for what I saw. But in a little mountain hamlet, where my friends took me to a Wild West show, I saw an Indian in feathers and war paint drinking beer out of a bottle and holding in his hand a piece of your American pie, which he devoured between gulps. It was a picture so unlike the one I had formed of the Indian that I think it made the greatest impression."—New York Tribune.

One Eyed Giants.

Sir John Mandeville saw all sorts of queer things and wrote about them in his celebrated books of travels. It was in 1536 that the veracious Sir John visited a certain group of isles (yles he called them) which was inhabited by a race of one eyed giants. Of them he says: "In one of these yles ben folk of grate stature, as giantes, and they ben hideous for to loke upon. An thei han but on eye, and that is in ye middyl of ye front." He also tells of another one of these "yles" inhabited by a race of one legged dwarfs, each having three eyes.

An Implosion.

An implosion, as the term indicates, a bursting outward, a sudden collapse, is the direct opposite of an explosion. The conditions most favorable for the production of an implosion exist at great depth in the sea. At 2,500 fathoms the pressure is, roughly speaking, about two and a half tons to the square inch, a pressure that is several times greater than that exerted by steam upon the piston of a powerful engine.

What Is the Use?

If a man succeeds by acting on your advice he feels that he would have acted as he did without being advised by you, and if he fails because he neglected to heed your advice he blames you for not making it stronger than you did. So what's the use?—Chicago Record-Herald.

Discount.

Angry Citizen—Say! The sleeves and pants legs of this suit are away too short. The Tailor—I told you you were getting 10 per cent off.—New York Globe.

So It Does.

She—A flirtation is always lots of fun. He—Yes, but sometimes it takes a long time to find out just who is having the fun.—Philadelphia Record.

Captain Joe Sturgis

A Man Who Could Pilot a Boat In a Fog

By F. A. MITCHEL

When I was a student at a New England college I used to spend my vacations on the seacoast. I was fond of water sports—boating, fishing, bathing—and in the autumn shooting, though since the season for the latter came when I was engaged at my studies I could only enjoy it for a day or two at a time.

My favorite place for enjoying an outing was a village on the coast of Maine. There is no coast in America so sought during the hot months, for there is none so beautiful. There are islands and estuaries without number, while the air is pure and bracing. The only drawback is the fogs, which will occasionally sweep suddenly in from the ocean and at times last several days.

The village of B., which came to be the usual scene of my summer outings, looked out upon a bay beyond which was the boundless ocean. Sometimes I lay in a hammock hung between trees, watching ships pass far out on the horizon, dreaming of the people walking about on them, shifting their sails, at meals, or idling as I was. I had but to turn my eyes nearer, to an island beautiful as a fairyland rising out of a fairy sea, or, still nearer, to a strip of ground in its native state, brown, yellow and green patches leading up to a snow white cottage, behind which was a thicket of cedars.

Captain Joe Sturgis, a man who had acquired his title as master of a fishing smack, was my principal companion. He fished for a living, but in July and August, the fishing being poor, he rested, for he had made enough money at his vocation to build himself a snug home and have more invested at interest.

Sturgis was a plain, quiet, thoughtful, uneducated man, but I always felt that if he and I were obliged to float for our lives and there was but one plank between us he would leave me the plank. He used a single masted boat about twenty feet long for fishing purposes, and during my vacations that boat was my second home. The captain and I made cruises in her among the islands of the coast. There were four bunks in her, a small cook stove and mess kit. At night we would anchor in some inlet or little bay and after supper be lulled to sleep by the sound of wavelets beating against the side of the boat. That was years agone, but to this day I can hear the soothing splash. In the morning we would be up with the sun, and I would take a cold water plunge while the captain was frying the fish and making the coffee for breakfast. Then up would come the anchor and we would be off, we cared not where, since the whole of these beautiful waters with their green promontories and islands were ours. During these cruises I was as near heaven as it is possible for one on earth to be.

Storms we had, of course, but we were either scudding before the wind, racing with the white caps, or beating up against them, now and again getting a ducking, buckets of spray dashing over us. But what did we care, protected as we were by our oilskins? The fogs, I admit, I never liked. The coast in that region is full of reefs, and if our boat should strike a sunken point of rock it would go down, leaving us to struggle with the waves and likely to find a sepulcher in the belly of some fish. The coast within a dozen or twenty miles of B. Sturgis knew so well that he could navigate his boat even in a fog. I once asked him how he did it, and he replied in the same way he walked in his own house at night. A current here, the sound of water beating against rocks there and other indications were valuable assistants in keeping the course and avoiding the rocks.

Sturgis seemed to be a part of the region he inhabited and felt that after death he would still be a part of it. He would say to me:

"I've often thought how I'd like to be free from my body and go where I like, to hover above the ledges over which the waves dash in a storm that we dare not go near in a boat and on which there is no footing. It would be fine to skim with the crest of a wave till it begins to curl on a beach, watch it break and scatter in foam on the sand."

"In a fraction of a second," I suggested, "you might be a thousand miles away."

"I wouldn't care for that. I'm a home body and never want to go away from home."

"You mean not more than fifty miles from home."

"This is all home to me. I sleep just as well in the boat o' nights as in my cottage on the shore. The cottage is well anchored for a storm, but somehow I feel safer on the water, especially on a lee shore. You see, there's nothing to break the force o' the wind where my house is built, but in a storm if I'm near shore I can run into any snug cove and go to sleep peaceful."

"And if you're out at sea?"

"Oh, then I take in and close all sail and let her ride. If I'm to the windward of a shore I drop the anchor."

"Don't need even a jib for steerage?"

"No; with sails all in she won't go over. She's well ballasted."

These conversations with the captain led me to think that those who live near to nature, though uneducated, have a more comprehensive view of the universe, including themselves, not as brief existences, but as appearing under different forms. Houses and books tend to destroy this more extended view of ourselves. The houses exclude what is grand in nature; the books lead us to reason. And, exclusive of revelation, what basis have we for our reasoning? Is not one who takes his inspiration from nature more free to follow his higher instincts?

During the first winter after I was graduated from college I heard of the death of my old friend Captain Joe Sturgis. He died in his bed, and it at once occurred to me that his spirit, freed from the clay of his physical body, went right out over the water and the islands among which he had so often sailed in his slower going boat. After his death I did not care to go to B. and did not see the place for ten years. Then it occurred to me that I would like to revisit the scenes I had so much enjoyed during my youth. I had long been immersed in business, and if I got an outing it was seldom for more than a fortnight. The influence of nature had long ago passed from me, and if I thought of the skipper who had been my companion it was not flitting in spiritual form over the waves, but mouldering in the churchyard at B.

I found the place but little changed. I doubt if twenty houses had been added to those that had composed the town ten years before. I met persons whom I had known, but they, as well as I, had grown older. Sturgis' old boat was still in existence and in use. I had sailed her in fair weather both with the captain and alone, and I remembered the coast for a distance of, say, ten miles from B. sufficiently to take the boat over it. So I got into her one morning intending to revisit some of the nearby scenes of former years. I took no one with me, preferring to go alone.

The morning was bright and beautiful. I spent a couple of hours cruising about noticing old landmarks, or, rather, old sea marks, when, suddenly looking eastward, I saw the fog bank. There was little breeze, and I could not reach land before I was enveloped in one of those fogs so thick that they are really fine rain. I drifted for hours, hoping all the while that it would lift, but it did not. It came upon me at noon, and when night fell I was still enveloped in it.

That night is ever to be remembered as the most frightful of my life. There was no wind, and if there had been I would not have dared avail myself of it, for I had no compass and, in any event, was beset with sunken rocks. I passed the afternoon and the night till near morning in an agony of suspense, without food or water, then fell into either a stupor or a sleep.

I had taken position near the bow where I could watch, sitting on the deck with my back resting against the mast. It must have been near dawn that, looking aft, I saw, or thought I saw, a dim form at the tiller, while the sail was filled, though the fog had not lifted.

I have never since been quite sure whether I was awake, half asleep or asleep and dreaming. Nevertheless some one was at the helm and the boat was moving. It did not occur to me to get up and go aft to see who my pilot was, and this has led me to think that I dreamed. I sat where I was, looking into the mist now and again, hearing the swish of waves over protruding rocks, at times sailing near enough to them to see their dim, dark bulk.

I knew that there was or had been but one man at B. who could sail a boat in those waters in a fog, and that man was Captain Sturgis. I was possessed with the idea that time had been turned back ten years and I was again sailing with my old friend.

Yet I knew that Captain Sturgis was dead.

How long I sailed thus I don't know, but when it came light enough for me to see, the fog lifted, and I recognized on either side of me rocks, by which I knew that I was emerging from one of the most tortuous, dangerous channels on this coast. There was a fair breeze, and the tide was with me. I was not far from B. and saw persons on the shore, evidently looking out at me.

I sprang to the tiller, which was deserted, and pointed my course toward B. In half an hour I reached the landing and was welcomed by anxious friends, who had feared for my safety. They asked me how in the name of conscience I had got through the channel from which they had seen me emerge, wrapped in fog, without striking the rocks. I told them I didn't know; it must have been either luck or Providence. I did not say what I believed and have since often partly believed that I had been piloted by the disembodied spirit of my beloved friend, Captain Joe Sturgis.

I left B. the same day, and I have never cared to go there since. Not only was I unstrung by having been tossed helpless on an ocean without being able to see half a dozen yards, but there was something frightful in my narrow escape. I did not shudder at having been piloted, as I believed, by my old friend; but, taking my experience altogether, I had no desire to sail in those waters again.

Time has taken away the horror of the situation and strengthened, or, rather, warmed my soul toward him whom I cannot but consider to be living a renewed life among the scenes he so well loved during his physical life and who, remembering me affectionately, came to my help in the hour of my trouble.

THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., April 3, 1913

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On Monday, next, Congress convenes in special session. Let us pray.

The busier the Democrats become at Washington the more popular Republicans become at home.

Possibly the Pennsy hesitates about absorbing the Bellefonte Central for fear of violating the Sherman anti-trust law.

If the new style gowns are only a sample of what is still to come, the Rev. John Hewitt overlooked a bet in his very learned and interesting discourse on "The Future of Woman."

Washington is being stormed by job hunters. The invading army is made of the very same Democrats who for sixteen years have been demanding a welding out of useless government jobs.

Now that the Democratic free traders are face to face with the job of slashing the tariff, about nine out of every ten wants to start the slashing on those schedules affecting only some other fellow's home district.

If it is true that Wilson considers Bryan the greatest autocrat in the world, and that Bryan thinks the same about Wilson, there will come to pass at Washington exactly what many Republicans predict and as many Democrats fear.

MORGAN.

J. Pierpont Morgan is dead. The man who ruled the money world, whose untold millions made his slightest wish a command, whose prestige was envied by countless others, was just as the humblest and lowliest of men when the final summons came. For one who carried such a burden and responsibility death brought rest and peace which must have been welcome.

Morgan was a man who did a great deal of good and a great deal of harm. His advancement personally and the growth of his great banking house could not be accomplished without strewing the wayside with the wrecks of scores of competitors. Once he attained such power and prominence he could not let go, even though the holding on meant a sacrifice of health and strength. His undoubtedly was a life filled with the satisfaction that comes with possessing great power, but after all it is doubtful if the sense of responsibility did not deny to him much of the real happiness enjoyed by lots of others not so rich.

For the good he has done let him receive all praise while his memory is still green, for like all others he will soon be forgotten and the world will move on just the same.

KILL IT.

We had supposed the hunters' license bill were done with. It seems that this is not so, for the offensive measure was on Monday night revived in the Legislature, new life was pumped into it and then the bill was pushed through on final passage. We hope the Senate will not only kill the bill but "kill it dead."

There is no sentiment behind the bill to license country boys who enjoy hunting. It is unfair to place upon them an entirely unnecessary tax. One of the chief results of a hunters' license will be to provide more money for higher salaries and a greater number of jobs in the fish and game department at Harrisburg.

Let us have fewer high salaries and jobs at Harrisburg and more freedom for boys in the country. Anybody particularly anxious to pay a hunters' license tax may be accommodated by going over to Jersey.

Mrs. Hannah Siegfried Dead.

Mrs. Hannah Siegfried, widow of the late Peter E. Siegfried, died on Sunday afternoon at her late home near Moshannon. She had been in failing health for some time, but her death was hastened by a fall on Friday of last week. Deceased was born in the barrens, near Scotia, January 6, 1828, and was a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Eminhiszer. Her husband preceded her to the grave a number of years ago. Surviving are these children: Mrs. Sadie Maffett, Philipsburg; Mrs. Kate Willett, Houtzdale; Amanda, wife of George Whitnack, DuBoistown; May, wife of George Thomas, Irvona, and Isaac, Miles, Simon and Martha, wife of J. Earl Siegfried, Philipsburg, and Edward, of Altoona.

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder Francis Speer has recorded the following real estate transfers.

Edward J. Gehret, et ux, to Harry Johnson, et ux, premises in Bellefonte; $3300.

Mrs. Agnes Mayers, to John Weibly, premises in Linden Hall; $900.

Mrs. Tompson Keller, to Samuel Cramer, tract in College & Harris $6000.

Jennie Mitchell, to James R. Hughes, premises in Bellefonte; $2500.

Susie A. Yarger, to School District o State College, premises in state College $525.

George T. Brew, et al, heirs, to Thomas B. Hamilton, premises in Bellefonte; $500.

Ann Elliott Thompson, et al, to John W. Bathgate, et al, Strip of land in College township; $1.

Edward G. Jones et bar, to Paul Jones, et al, 3 lots in Philipsburg; $1.

Jennie L. Wells, et bar, to Sarah G. Aikey, 2 tracts in Boggs township; $900.

Lawrence L. Miller, et ux, to Angela Hemmes, property in S. Philipsburg; $200.

Albert Bergner, et ux, to Clark Paul, tract in Liberty township; $50.

Clark Paul, et ux, to Harry A. Confer, 2 tracts in Liberty township; $500.

Adam Y. Wagner, et ux, to Commonwealth of Penna., 194 acres in Benner township $16,000.

D. B. Kunes, et ux, to Jacob Aikey, tract in Liberty township; $50.

Thomas Miller, et ux, to Kate Long, tract in Patton township; $25.

W. H. Rogers, et ux, to W. G. Runkle, premises in State College; $1.

Calvin H. Horner, et ux, to W. G. Runkle, 3 tracts in Potter township; $700.

John Sychta, et ux, to Annie Sychta, 2 tracts in Rush township; $1.

Reuben D. Bierly, et ux, to Wallace A. Doebler, tract in Miles township; $40.

A. H. Vonada, et al overseers, to Wallace A. Doebler, tract in Miles township; $140.

Ebenezer R. Williams, et ux, to McNitt-Huyett Lumber, Co., tract in Patton township; $3300.

Malida Colpetzer, et bar, Thomas J. Tressler, tract in Benner township; $450.

F. Milford Pletcher, et al, admrs. to Lewis Bolopue, tract Liberty township; $854

Lawrence Bathurst, to Earl Bathurst, tract in Bogg township; $1.

John S. Clevenstine, et ux, to Harry E. Clevenstine, 2 tracts in Walker township; $430.

Thomas Foster, et al, to David Slagle, tract in State College; $300.

A. B. Glenn Dead.

After an illness of several weeks A. B. Glenn died at his home on the Branch, near State College, on March 28th, at 3.30 P. M. He had been confined to his bed but two weeks. In the passing away of Mr. Glenn College township loses one of its oldest, noblest and best beloved citizens, a man who did not have an enemy, whose word was as good as his bond and who tried in all things to do the best he could. Andrew Borland Glenn was a son of James and Susan Glenn, pioneer settlers of the Glades. Young Glenn was born on the McWilliams farm near Graysville December 30, 1835. Like all farmers' sons of that day he attended school in the winter and helped on the farm in the summer, but he was thereby preparing himself for a long and useful life. In the winter of 1858 he was married to Miss Susan Ludwig, to which union the following children were born: James, of White Hall; Budd and Harry, on the old farm; George, of State College. Surviving also is his twin brother, Thomas, at home. One daughter, Effie, died several years ago. All of his life was devoted to farming. For over forty years he resided on the well known Glenn farm on the Branch. Of his father's family but three survive: William, of Pine Grove Mills; Mrs. T. S. Bailey, of State College, and Samuel, at home. His grandfather James Glenn was one of the first settlers in the Glades on the old Watt farm. Deceased was a life-long and consistent member of the Presbyterian church and remained steadfast to its teachings to the end. Funeral services were held on Monday afternoon at 1.30 o'clock, interment being made in the Branch churchyard. The services were conducted by Rev. W. K Harnish and were largely attended.

Daniel Hardy Dead.

Daniel Hardy died at Beaver Falls, on Saturday afternoon at 1:30, after suffering a paralytic stroke. The remains were removed to Vail where interment will be made today. Deceased was born about 43 years ago at Curtin and followed the plastering business. He was the son of Daniel and Catherine Hardy, both deceased. He was married twice, the first time to Miss Jennie Robison, to which union was born one daughter, Mrs. Hunter, of Vail Station. His second wife was Miss Mary Isett, of Altoona, who survives him, as do also these brothers and sisters: John C., of Tyrone; Samuel B., of Bellwood; Mrs. William Wiser, of Altoona; Mrs. Margaret Bress, of Mt. Union; Thomas, of Sandy Ridge, and James, of Tyrone.

Pierpont Morgan Dead.

J. Pierpont Morgan, admittedly the world's leading and most powerful financier, died in Rome at noon on Monday. He had been declining for several days and his death was not unexpected. Contrary to expectations in many quarters, the stock market suffered no violent reaction, nor were any banks disturbed.

Had he lived until April 17 Mr. Morgan would have been 76 years old. He was the richest man probably in the world and through connections of one kind and another was supposed to be able to command the use of upward of $500,000,000 possessed by corporations and Wall Street houses. The J. P. Morgan & Co. banking house in New York with such branches as Drexel & Co., in Philadelphia, and numerous other branches here and abroad, had a world-wide reputation for power and influence in financial circles. Morgan was the controlling factor in organizing the United States Steel Corporation and many other gigantic concerns. He was a director of scores of banks and railroads.

Intense curiosity surrounds the making public of Morgan's will, first to learn the amount of his fortune and next to find out how he has arranged to distribute his wealth. The few in position to know anything about it predict some large bequests for charitable, medical and research purposes.

William Oscar Wagner Dead.

At 11.45 o'clock, Monday morning William O. Wagner, of Howard, died at the home of his brother, John H. Wagner, of cirrhosis of the liver. He was sick for some time and appeared to be somewhat improved, but was taken suddenly worse and passed away at the above mentioned time. The deceased was born in Howard on October 14, 1870 and was a citizen of that place all his life. He was employed as a track hand for several years and was classed as one of Howard's most industrious young men. When not busy at home he would generally be found along the creek, finding much pleasure in fishing and boating. He was a member of the Reformed church of that place. He was unmarried and leaves the following brothers and sisters: John H. and Christ D. of Howard; Lewis F. of Clearfield; Mrs. Elizabeth Heikel, of Curtin township, and Jennie of Howard. Mr. Wagner was a member of the Loyal Order of Moose No 206 of Bellefonte, by whom the funeral was conducted on Wednesday at 10 o'clock. Services were held in the Reformed church and nterment made at Jacksonville.

J. Howard Grove Dead.

J. Howard Grove, one of Centre County's best known farmers, died at 3 o'clock on Monday afternoon after a protracted illness at his late home near Houserville. His death was due to tuberculosis. He was aged 42 years and is survived by a widow, three sons and four daughters. Surviving also are a sister, Mrs. John Grove, of near Roopsburg, and these brothers: James, John and William, of near Lemont. He was a cousin of County Commissioner D. A. Grove. Funeral services were held at 10 o'clock today, conducted by the deceased's friend and pastor, Rev. Mr. Johnson, of the United Brethren church. Interment was made in the Houserville cemetery. Michael and William Grove were early settlers in College township. Howard Grove was a son of William and Lucetta Grove. He was a citizen of sterling worth and his death is deeply mourned by all who knew him.

Miss Margaret Gillete Dead.

Miss Margaret Gillete, of Snow Shoe, died on Monday afternoon at the Altoona hospital at 2:45 o'clock, after a short illness, having been admitted to the institution on Friday morning. The young woman was 18 years of age and is survived by her parents at Snow Shoe, to which place the remains were removed for interment.

FOR THE FARM

Spraying time is almost here. Are you going to spray. It will give you good returns. We have **Small** and **Barre Sprayers**, also spray material.

Or you may have in mind a manure spreader. We represent the **New Ideal Manure Spreader.** You can try one and know it is the best before you settle for it. We sell the **Wiard Plow,** both walking and reversible sulkey plows.

Spring and Spike-tooth **Harrows** and Evans two-row **Corn Planters,** with double disks, furrow openers and ferti lizer attachments complete, also single disk harrows and land rollers, grain drills and metal hog and poultry troughs

A full line of poultry grit, flax seed meal and farm seeds. **Brookville Wagons,** all sizes. **Gasoline Engines.** Nova Scotia land plaster, nitrate of soda, potash and fertilizers carried in stock. In fact--everything for the farm. Just now we have

A FEW BARGAINS

Are you looking for bargains? Come in and look us over. It may be to your interest.

JOHN G. DUBBS,

BELLEFONTE - - - PA.

Hamilton Humes Will Filed.

The will of the late Hamilton B. Humes, of Jersey Shore, has been filed. Mr. Humes left $1,000 each to the Home Mission board of the Presbyterian church of the United States, and to the Foreign Mission board and the board of ministerial relief of the same church. He also directed the erection of a memorial window in the Jersey Shore Presbyterian church, provided the window had not already been put in at the time of his death.

To the Jersey Shore Presbyterian church of Jersey Shore was also bequeathed an endowment of $1,000 to be administered by the trustees of the church. Park college, Parkville, Mo., was given $500.

Provision for faithful servants in the employ of the family at the time of Mr. Humes' death was made by leaving $500 to Charles Schultz, $500 to Annie Wilson and $100 to Annie Pierson.

To his widow, in addition to an annuity of $4,000, Mr. Humes bequeathed the family homestead and a considerable amount of other property and directed that should she need a home that a house be erected for her at a cost not to exceed $6,000.

To Floretta Humes Hepburn, his granddaughter, $30,000 is given when she reaches the age of twenty-five, and to her mother $50,000 and an annuity of $3,000. John S. Humes, his son, is given $30,000 outright and an annuity of $4,000. The executors are directed to build him a home to cost not over $6,000 should he need one.

Margaret P. Humes and Samuel Humes, grandchildren of the testator and children of the late Samuel Humes, are provided with incomes of $1,000 per year each to be paid after the income given to Mrs. Humes has been paid. The heirs are also given the privilege of selecting dividends and articles of jewelry from those left by the testator.

There is apparently a large residuary estate which is to be divided in three equal parts among the children and grandchildren of Mr. Humes, the children of Samuel Humes receiving one share between them. Should none of the heirs survive an elaborate arrangement is made for the disposition of the residuary estate in five equal parts to a general hospital at Jersey Shore, a hospital to be founded if none be in existence at the time; one-fifth to the Young Men's Christian association, an association to be incorporated by the estate in case none is in existence at the time; one-fifth to go to the board of foreign missions, one-fifth to the board of home missions and one-fifth to the board of ministerial relief of the Presbyterian church.

Cattle Pasture

The Lehigh Valley Coal Company, will open their 5000 acre range on Beech Creek, May 1st, 1913, under the management of Mr. Geo. Lorrah. Season May 1st to October 15th. Terms, $1.50 per head per season. Cattle received only on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Address Lehigh Valley Coal Company, Snow Shoe Pa. for any further information.

Notice to Contractors.

Sealed proposals will be received by the Board of County Commissioners of Centre County, Pennsylvania, at their office in the Court House at Bellefonte, Pa., for the construction of a re-inforced concrete bridge over Elk Creek, on Peters Street, in the Borough of Millheim, Pa.

Bids will be received until 10 o'clock a. m. Saturday, April 12, 1913, and will be opened in public at 11.30 o'clock a. m. on the same day.

Plans and specifications for said bridge are in the hands of the engineer, J. H. Wetzel, of Bellefonte, Pa., and on file in the Commissioners' office. Proposals will be received on plans and specifications conforming thereto.

A certified check in the sum of $200.00 made payable to the Commissioners of Centre County, must be filed with the Commissioners' Clerk at least two hours before the time fixed for closing of bids, for the faithful performance of contract.

The Commissioners reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

By order of the County Commissioners.

WM. H. NOLL, JR.
DANIEL A. GROVE,
JACOB WOODRING,

Attest:
H. N. Meyer,
Clerk.

Bellefonte, Pa., March 19, 1913. 3-20-3t

Auditors' Notice.

Orphans Court of Centre County. In the matter of the Estate of Samuel Weiser, late of Millheim Borough, Centre Co., Pa.

The undersigned, an auditor, appointed by said Court to make distribution of the balance in the hands of the Accountant to and amongst those legally entitled to receive the same, will meet all parties interested at his office in Temple Court, Bellefonte, Pa., at ten o'clock, A. M., on Friday, April 11th, 1913, when and where all parties in interest are required to present and prove their claims or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.

J. THOMAS MITCHELL,
Auditor.

Administrator's Notice.

Estate of C. D. Miller, late of Ferguson Township, deceased.

Letters of administration in the above named estate having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Wills of Centre County, Pennsylvania, all persons indebted to the said estate are hereby requested to make payment and all persons having claims against said estate are requested to present the same duly authenticated without delay to

M. L. MILLER
CLAUDIUS B. HESS
Administrators,
Pa. Furnace, Pa.

H. C. Quigley, Att'y
Bellefonte, Pa.

Comparative Digestibility of Food

Made with different Baking Powders

From a Series of Elaborate Chemical Tests:

An equal quantity of bread (biscuit) was made with each of three different kinds of baking powder—cream of tartar, phosphate, and alum—and submitted separately to the action of the digestive fluid, each for the same length of time.

The relative percentage of the food digested is shown as follows:

Bread made with
Royal Cream of Tartar Powder:

100 Per Cent. Digested

Bread made with
phosphate powder:

68¼ Per Cent. Digested

Bread made with
alum powder:

67¾ Per Cent. Digested

These tests, which are absolutely reliable and unprejudiced, make plain a fact of great importance to everyone: Food raised with Royal, a cream of tartar Baking Powder, is shown to be entirely digestible, while the alum and phosphate powders are found to largely retard the digestion of the food made from them.

Undigested food is not only wasted food, but it is the source of very many bodily ailments.

To Open Summer School.

The Summer School at Pine Grove Mills will open on Monday, April 7th, in the High School room, and will continue for seven weeks. Special attention will be given to those who prepare for the county teachers' examination. Instruction will be given to 8th., 7th., 6th. and 5th. grade pupils.

PROF. FRANK I. PAUL, A. B.

Read "The Republican" $1 year in advance.

Miss Mary Stewart Dead.

Miss Mary Stewart died on Friday of last week at her late home in Altoona. She was a daughter of the late William and Jane Stewart and was born in Centre County, June 19, 1827. She was the last surviving member of her family. She resided at Davenport, Iowa, for about thirty years, removing to Altoona five years ago. While in Davenport she made her home with a sister, Mrs. Rachel Hess. Interment was made at Williamsburg on Tuesday.

LOCK HAVEN STATE NORMAL

Geo P. Singer, Principal.

The spring term of this important Normal School will begin April 7th, with a larger attendance than usual. On May 12th a special seven week's course will be started for the benefit of teachers preparing for either the provisional, professional, or permanent examinations. A thorough review of the common branches will be given, together with special work in pedagogy. This is an excellent opportunity to prepare for these examinations. Free tuition to teachers. All other expenses including board and room will be $4.00 per week. High School graduates can save time by attending the spring term, and will receive the same rates.

For further information and illustrated catalog, address the Principal.

WASHINGTON

SPECIAL 10-DAY EXCURSION

Thursday, April 24th, 1913

$8.25 from Bellefonte

Tickets good going on Train No. 8, "Atlantic Express," Train No. 4, "Philadelphia Express," Train No. 36, "Philadelphia Express," or Train No. 28, "The Washington Express," and their connections.

Tickets will be limited for return passage to leave Washington on regular trains before midnight of May 3, 1913, inclusive, and require validation by Ticket Agent at Washington before being good for return passage.

STOP-OVER AT BALTIMORE

within limit of ticket allowed on going or returning trip. Passengers not desiring to use tickets beyond Baltimore may have them validated for return trip at that point.

For full information regarding leaving time of trains, tickets, and Pullman reservations, apply to Ticket Agents, or E. YUNGMAN, Division Passenger Agent, Oliver Building, Sixth Avenue and Smithfield Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

The County at a Glance.

Howard.

Mrs. John Weber and Mrs. W. H. Holter were Bellefonte shoppers, Tuesday.

Edythe and Balser Weber were Altoona visitors Thursday and Friday of last week.

John White, of Lock Haven, spent several days last week with hia aunt, Mrs. W. B. Henderson.

Matthew Rodgers and Burdine Butler were Howard's representatives at the county seat, Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Lucas and daughter, Miriam, visited relatives in Moshannon Friday and Saturday.

Mrs. O. W. McEntire has been removed from the Williamsport hospital. It is gratifying to note that she is somewhat improved.

Walter Yearick has moved into the Reformed parsonage and will furnish a home for Rev. Zechman of the Reformed church.

A. M. Long and J. T. Leathers, two of Howard's progressive business men, were in Bellefonte on Wednesday looking after their respective business interests.

M. I. Gardner, of Bellefonte, attended the sale of Mrs. W. R. Gardner in the township, Wednesday.

George H. Williams spent Sunday with his wife and family in this place.

Henry Lose, of Windber, spent a few days here visiting relatives and friends.

John Mokle was a Bellefonte visitor Friday.

A. B. Weirick, of Altoona, spent Sunday with his parents.

George L. Leathers came down from Altoona for Sunday with his wife and family.

Miss Myrtle Pletcher and her aunt, Miss Schenck, were Lock Haven visitors Saturday afternoon.

Miss Ella Butler is suffering from an attack of indigestion. She is improving under the care of Dr. McEntire.

Miss Alonta Welch and Miss Anna Schwarz were Sunday visitors at the home of I. R. Williams.

John Williams visited friends in Lock Haven several days last week.

The bridges for the overhead crossings on the railroad are here and will soon be put in position by the railroad company.

H. T. McDowell transacted business in Bellefonte on Thursday.

O. M. Lucas, of Altoona, spent Sunday with his mother and sisters.

Richard Holmes has taken a position with Anderson Brothers and left for his field Monday morniag.

J. C. Stere, of Unionville, was a business visitor in Howard last Friday.

Hubert Hannon visited his brother Malcolm in Northumberland last Thursday and Friday.

Miss Helen Bennison helped her sister move at Mackeyville last week.

Mrs. George Longee is visiting her mother, Mrs. James Wyble.

Jason Snyder is under the weather at the present writing.

Gladys Holter, who is taking a training course at the Lock Haven hospital, is home for a few days.

Miss Harriet Woodward was a Williamsport visitor, Tuesday.

W. H. Pletcher, of Eaglesmere, is visiting his brothers, Chauncey and Charles, this week.

Frank Casselberry, James Fye and Fred Bechdel are some of our new citizens, having moved from the neighboring townships.

Samuel Pletcher has been appointed assistant in the postoffice and will begin his duties at the close of school.

Dr. Kochler, of Bellefonte, spent Sunday at the home of I. R. Williams.

As far as can be learned all people who formerly lived in this vicinity but who are now in the flood district of the Central states have escaped the high water.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Schenck, formerly of Howard but now of West Union, Iowa, are visiting relatives here.

Miss Grace Schenck, of Milesburg, accompanied by Miss Ruth Wetzler, spent Sunday with Miss Schenck's parents.

Miss Olive Gardner, of Blanchard, was the fortunate one in the Hustler Bumuda contest. She came to the front with a rush at the last minute and the final count placed her ahead. Miss Almeda Pownell, of Yarnell, received the highest number of votes in the third district.

Frederick Robb's health has been greatly impaired owing to his being stricken with apoplexy last Thursday evening. The latest reports have him somewhat improved.

L. L. Williams, who has been helping with the W. A. Sunday's tabernacles has returned to Howard for a short stay. He leaves for Florida the last of this week.

H. A. Moore attended to personal matters in Tyrone and Altoona Friday.

One of the foreigners employed on the railroad took his little child to the Altoona hospital to have its eyes treated. It is nearly blind and the light causes it great agony.

On Friday morning Mrs. S. C. Bower had the misfortune to fall down the basement stairway and was badly sprained and bruised. She is rapidly recovering considering that she is no longer as active as formerly.

Thursday evening we noticed a very deplorable sight in the depot. Some visitors who had been attending the sale were celebrating afterwards and then went to the station. While in the station they used some very profane language and even went so far as to pass the drinks around. The borough officials should remember that we still have a lockup.

The continuous rains of last week soon had the water in Bald Eagle creek even with the banks and crossing the low territory surrounding. All eyes were eagerly watching to see what the result would be of high water flowing against the fill on the north side of the town. The water did not rise very high consequently no damage was done and the water soon subsided owing to the high winds. It was necessary for J. M. Robb to transfer people who wished to attend his sale, from the fill to the other side of the creek by wagon.

Miss Vickery, a missionary of India, will deliver an address in the Methodist church, Friday, April 4 at 7.30 P. M. Her subjects will be Mission in India and Shantabai, the life-story of a Hindu woman. In this she will be attired in a pure white sari, the high-caste Hindu widows garb and impersonate Shantabai, child, wife and widow; her early life and experience in her Indian home. Ramabai, India's uncrowned queen, is given from Mrs. Vickery's personal acquaintance with India's most wonderful woman. This is a true story, shows the ability of Ramabai, She comes highly recommended and you are sure to have an interesting evening. No admission will be charged but an offering received.

The final meeting of the Howard High School Literary Society will be held in the High School building on Thursday April 10 at 7.30 P. M. Following is the program:

Music
Reading of the minutes
Reading — Miriam Lucas
Reading — Mary Richner
Play — "The Burlington Lyceum"
Music
Essay — Hulda Johnson
Reading — Anna Boone
Debate, Resolved that the schools of Howard Township and Howard Boro should be consolidated.

Affirmative	Negative
Samuel Pletcher	Hulda Johnson
Nevin Yearick	Hilda Wagner
Michael Pletcher	Clara Smith
Miriam Lucas	Rebecca Lucas
Solo	Rebecca Lucas

Offering
Reading of the school paper
Essay — Edith Butler
Music

The question for debate is very appropriate as much comment is now being made upon that subject. The citizens of the boro and township should be much interested in this as it will without doubt come before them some time in the future. It is the duty of every citizen to acquire all the knowledge he can on this subject and help all he can to obtain this end. Talk to your neighbors about it. Get their opinion and then tell them yours. Be prepared to speak on one side or the other as it will probably be given to general discussion after the school has closed its argument. You can make this the best meeting of any Literary Society ever held here if you will aid the school with this matter. You can do this by being present to hear them. Everybody is cordially invited and you will certainly be well entertained.

"The Third Degree."

"Contrary to all criticism of 'The Third Degree,' says one of the New York dailies, "Annie Jeffries, the young wife in the peculiar Klein drama, does not battle alone for her husband's life. Far be it from a single handed combat on the part of Mr. Klein's sweet little character, for at every performance Adele Hughes, who plays the young wife, has from fifteen to eighteen hundred staunch supporters, who sob, strain, struggle and smile with her. "As she fights," continues the paper, "so do her supporters. After Howard, her dissipated mate, makes his confession, it is indeed a study to look over the faces of the spectators. One would think, to see the earnest expression of the watchers in the orchestra, that every man, woman and child in the theatre was married to Howard Jeffries, or his wife, and vitally interested in the outcome, for the spectators are the fighters, mental fighters, not material, and fight they surely do." "The Third Degree" will be presented at Garman's Opera House, April 14, with a capable cast of sterling players.

Pine Grove Mills.

The C. D. Miller sale will be closed out next Saturday afternoon.

Joe Hess, of Detroit, has been visiting old chums of by-gone days in the valley.

William Noble made a mis-stroke and cut his foot with an axe. Now he is on the limp.

Mrs. Smith and daughter, Eliza, came down from Altoona to spend the Sabbath at Grandpa Port's home.

J. F. Kimport and wife and Professor M. E. Heberling were Sunday callers at the C. M. Dale home.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Kepler were Altoona visitors last week, returning home on Friday.

Miss Maude Miller last week visited friends at Hollidaysburg.

In our last week's notice the Mothersbaugh sale was quoted at $1100. It should have been $4000.

McGinney-Hood, editor of the College "Times," has been somewhat indisposed the last week, but is now about and again able to push the quil.

Samuel Kaup, of Renovo, with his two youngsters, is visiting friends down Penns valley.

William Walters, while chopping wood, split one of his toes, the accident laying him on the shelf for a time.

James Hoover is housed up with an attack of erysipelas on the face. He has a host of friends to sympathize with him in the hour of his misfortune.

The John Stamm sale Friday was well attended. Cows sold at $100 a head, and horses at the $300 mark. The sale netted $3600.

After a month's pleasant visit at the McCracken home, Mrs. Sue H. Adair returned to her home at Media, Pa., last week.

Ticks from the wire broke the news of a brand new arrival at the Charley Meyers home, Frederick No. 2, and Grandpa Meyers is six inches taller.

Warren and Paul Ward, students at Franklin and Marshall College, returned to their studies on Monday.

A buzz wagon tag lost between Centre Hall and Linden Hall belongs to Elmer Houtz.

The venerable Mr. Bowersox is able to go about again, after being laid up by a fall in which he was cut on the head.

Sumner Miller, after scouring about for several weeks found a nag to suit him at Perry's livery stable.

Thursday evening Mr. and Mrs. Mack Fry gave a social and served refreshments with a lavish hand, the affair winding up with the elastic step. George Reed had the gike.

Mrs. E. S. Tressler spent last week in the Mountain City to see that Robert got nicely fixed up in his new quarters.

Mrs. John Reed is a very sick lady, suffering a general breaking down of the system.

Rev. L. S. Spangler, the young Dominie, is handling the ribbons over a very handsome stepper that would indicate the Reverend to be a good judge of a horse.

John C. Miller, after parading the valley over, went to Stone valley Friday and was soon at Frank Graham's barn, where he bought a splendid brood mare.

Quite a hail storm passed over this section Monday afternoon, the wind being accompanied by thunder and lightning and rain.

Grandmother Hubler is very near the border line, and owing to her advanced age her recovery is doubtful.

The pubiic are most cordially invited to attend the commencement exercises of the graduating class of the Township High School, to be held in the I. O. O. F. hall Tuesday evening, April 11, at 8 o'clock.

Harry N. Walker, who has so successfully taught the grammar school, has resigned and become enrolled as a student at Selinsgrove University. It is his plan to fit himself for teaching higher grades. May success attend you, Harry.

Easter time was a family home-coming at Rev. R. M. Campbell's parsonage. Dr. William Campbell and daughters, of Pittsburgh; Mrs. William Burd and two interesting children, and Miss Anna Campbell, of Altoona, gathered around the old family hearthstone.

Thursday about 5 P. M., the fire alarm was sounded over the wires that the John B. Whitmer house at White Hall was ablaze and a strong gale blowing. The fire originated from a stove in the spare room, burning embers igniting the plastering between the walls and ceiling. An opening was made through the outside wall and a bucket brigade played from both sides, quickly putting out the blaze. Not much damage was done.

Hannah, relict of Isaac Woomer, died at her late home at Boalsburg on March 19th, at 11 o'clock P. M., after a two weeks illness. Her death was due to advanced years. She was born in Montour County May 14, 1833. On July 17, 1853, she became the wife of Isaac Woomer. They spent all their wedded life in Boalsburg, Mr. Woomer passing away about 13 years ago. Surviving are eight children, four boys and four girls, thirty grand-children and seven great-grand-children. Deceased was a splendid woman. She was perhaps the best Bible student to be found for many miles around. Early in life she became a member of the Lutheran church. She was laid at rest by the side of her husband in Boalsburg cemetery on March 22nd, her pastor, Rev. L. S. Spangler officiating, assisted by Rev. S. C. Stover.

Some of the people moving their abode on or about April 1st follow: Samuel Everhart again at the old home on the Branch, recently repaired; George Swabb to the N. E. Hess farm; Frank Fishburn to State College; Griffin Bros. to the Ailman farm; William Wilson to the Sallie Gray place; Wilson Fry to George Thompson's place at Alto; George Hall to the John Dale farm; Frank Kellar to one of the State farms at Rock; Robert Campbell to the George Harper farm; Harry Hoy to the Reed Bros. farm; L. H. Sunday to the Charles Snyder farm at White Hall; Henry Wagner to the Dr. Houser farm at Meek's church; W. H. Weaver to J. I. Markel home; Daniel Barr to the Frank Miller house; Nancy Snyder to her residence on East Main Street, Pine Grove Mills; Ed. Martz and H. Everts to the Mrs. May Wright house; Mrs. William Heney to the Davy Barr house; Charles Louck to the Nancy Snyder house; J. C. Rossman to the Al. Lee farm, better known as the Robert Gohcen farm; Benner Bodel to Harry Struble home; Rev. J. S. Pittinger to Concord, Pa.; Rev. Mr. Chambers succeeds him in the M. E. parsonage; Ira Corl and bride have begun farming at the Corl new buildings at White Hall; H. C. Bloom to Mrs. Knochie's farm at Gatesburg; Frank Harris to the Annie Gray farm; J. H. Hicks to his farm home; Harry Harrah to Clarion County; J. B. Stover to near Nittany; Mrs. McClintic quitting housekeeping and going to spend her days among her children; William will succeed her at the old home; Clair Stem to the Emanuel Musser farm; Daniel Klinger to the Van-Tries farm; Mrs. Knochie is arranging to spend the summer in Harrisburg; N. E. Hess to his new mansion on West College Avenue, for a good rest for both himself and his splendid wife, Robert Bailey to the T. D. Boal place; Frank Reed to the J. C. Corl home; Alvin Corl to the Ayers place; D. B. Baney to WarriorsMark, where he has bought a place; David Elder to Rock Springs; Elmer Sunday to the C. D. Miller farm; Ellery Parsons to W. H. Fry place at Rock Springs, Frank Nihart to Minnesota; Norman King to Altoona; Frank Homan to his mother's farm; George Potter to the D. Stormer farm; Fred Garner to Shiloh; William Lytle to the G. Ed. Corl place; Mrs. E. C. Fye to the home she purchased; J. H. Hoy to his new residence; Orie Houtz to the Dr. Kidder farm; Cal. Houtz to the Dr. Christ farm; William Raymond to the Sparr farm; Al. Lee to his home in Boalsburg; L. Mothersbaugh returns to Boalsburg for a well earned rest; Charles Mothersbaugh succeeds his father on the old place.

Miss Nannie Martz suffered a paralytic stroke on Wednesday morning of this week. She was found unconscious nearby the cook stove Her condition is serious.

Mt. Eagle

The storm last Tuesday blew the roof off Aunt Molly Leathers' barn.

Most persons are about through moving.

The Anderson Bros. have had quite a task on hand, the muddy weather interfering with shoveling out the subway.

Mrs. Albert Aikey, who had been visiting here, returned on Saturday to her home in Bellwood.

Lloyd Shank, who is employed at Tyrone, came home on Saturday to see his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. William Brooks, of Curtin, were Mt. Eagle visitors on Sunday.

Abe Weber and Ward Schenck, of Howard, were callers at the Leathers stock farm recently.

Miss Daughenbaugh, of Bellwood, spent Sunday with her father, Thomas Daughenbaugh.

Mrs. George Hiram, who has been under the doctor's care, was able to go out walking on Sunday.

Mrs. Olive Smith, who lives below Howard, was saying howdy-do to Mt. Eagle friends on Sunday.

Haupt Leathers, who lives in Tennessee, spent a few days last week with his mother and sister.

Miss Pearl Gates, an efficient school teacher, spent Saturday and Sunday in Altoona with Mrs. Justice Turner.

Mrs. Smith, of Orbisonia, Huntingdon County, spent Friday night of last week with her sister, Mrs. Martin Gates, on the farm. On Sunday Mrs. Gates visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joshua R. Pheasant.

Samson Wolf has moved back into the old log house on the John Bowers farm.

Blanchard.

Mrs. James Kunes was quite ill several days last week, but at this writing she is much improved.

Donald J. Linn, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Linn, Jr., of Beech Creek, and Miss Ida Probst, of Lock Haven, were married at the latter place on Thursday evening of last week.

The Pennsylvania Fire Brick Works is advertising for men.

The Charles Winslow family have moved to the Mrs. Isabella Bitner property in Beech Creek.

One of the best oratorical debates ever held in all this section was that on Friday evening of last week which was participated in by representatives of the High Schools of Blanchard, Beech Creek and Milesburg. A large crowd was in attendance. The judges were Prof. Nelson P. Benson and Prof. Homer L. Gage, of the faculty of the Lock Haven Normal. First prize, a silver loving cup, was awarded to Miss Margaret Clark, of Beech Creek; second prize, a silver medal, to George Austin, of Blanchard, and third prize, a bronze medal, to Miss Lillian A. Miles, of Milesburg. The participants were two from each school, as follows: Blanchard High School—George Austin, whose subject was, "The Hero of the Dark Continent," and Luther Gardner, who spoke on "Education and Knowledge." Beech Creek High School—Bernard Forcey, "Women in Men's Places," and Margaret Clark, "An American Heritage." Milesburg High School—Lillian A. Miles, "Golden Hours of Childhood," and Frederick Doyle, "The Eastern Renaissance."

Spring Term Normal.

A spring term normal school will be conducted at Howard for teachers and those preparing to teach, beginning April 14th, 1913. Inquire of F. Milford Pletcher, Principal, Howard, Pa.

Port Matilda.

George T. Jones, of Punxsutawney, visited relatives in town last week.

Miss Mary Swoope, of Julian, was seen in town on Sunday.

Port Matilda band met Monday night and reorganized. There will be "music in the air" this summer.

George Reese is wearing a broad smile over the arrival of a baby girl last Thursday.

The baccalaureate sermon delivered by Rev. Mr. Carson, Sunday evening, was much appreciated by all who heard it.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Price were called to Phillpsburg last Monday to attend the funeral of their grandchild, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Thompson.

Mrs. John Gingery, of Woodland, spent a few days with friends and relatives here, recently.

Mrs. Grover Williams, of Tyrone, made a short visit at S. S. Miles' this week.

J. M. Williams made a business trip to Tyrone Tuesday.

Clayton Laird, son of H. H. Laird, has been very ill for the past week. Mrs. Jacob Woodring is also seriously ill.

Mrs. C. R. Richards and two children have been on the sick list.

Little Miss Harriett McKinney, of Altoona, a daughter of H. A. McKinney, formerly of this place, spent Sunday with her grand-mother here.

Miss Lillian Osman visited Mrs. O. C. Johnson in Tyrone Saturday and Sunday.

F. S. Jones returned Tuesday morning after a few days visit with his sister, Mrs. J. M. Graham, Jr., at Newton Hamilton.

The new Methodist minister, Rev. Mr. Cook, has arrived and will preach Sunday, April 6th, the hour to be announced later.

It will interest the people of this community to learn that Rev. Mr. Eugene B. Harshberger, formerly of this place, has been returned to serve his third year as pastor of the Methodist church at Tullytown, near Philadelphia. At the same time he is pursuing his course at Drew Theological Seminary, in Madison, N. J.

The schools of this township are all closed for this term, after a very successful year's work.

Mrs. O. C. Jones and Misses Leora Harshberger and Margaret Williams shopped in Altoona, Saturday. Ask them if they missed the train.

Professor H. C. Rothrock announces the opening of his Summer Normal Monday, April 14th, for teachers and other students. He is a very able instructor and all who takes advantage of this opportunity will, no doubt, be greatly benefited.

"Had dyspepsia or indigestion for years. No appetitie, and what I did eat distressed me terribly. Burdock Bood Bitters cured me."—J. H. Walker, Sunburg, Ohio.—Advt.

DO YOU LOVE
CHOCOLATES?

We carry the finest line of chocolates on the market. They are made in the most complete candy factory in Boston.

Liggetts Chocolates **40c 80c** & **$1** box
Fenway Chocolates **30** & **40c** a box
Fenway Cocktails **25c** a box
Chocolate Peppermints **10c** a pakg.
Chocolate Maple Walnuts **10c** a pakg.

Barr's Saturday Candy, a 50c. quality sold on Saturday at 29c.

GREEN'S PHCY. CO.
The Rexall Store

Penny-A-Word Column.

FOR SALE—Piano in good condition, cheap. Inquire at 240 E. Lamb Street.

WANTED—White pine wood. Write or inquire of P. B. Crider & Son. Bellefonte, Pa.,

FOR SALE—Full blood Pekin ducks. Inquire of G. M. DUBBS, Bellefonte Pa. 3-19-3t.

WANTED—Sober industrious young man to do dairy work. PARK VIEW DAIRY, Osceola Mills, Pa.

FOR SALE—Single house and lot on WillowBank Street. Inquire MRS. S. E. SATERFIELD, Bishop, Street, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE—1912 Indian motor cycle; 7-h. p. twin; good condition; price reasonable. Inquire Henry T. Noll, Pleasant Gap, Pa.

FOR RENT—One good house. Three offices, steam heated in Exchange Building. Storage rooms.
F. W. CRIDER.

FOR SALE—4 Holstein Freisian cows, springers; also calves of both sexes bred from registered Holstein Freisian bull. R. D. MUSSER, Spring Mills, Pa.

FOR SALE—Black mare, six years old; weight about 900; drive single or double; good under saddle.
T. F. LONG,
Bellefonte, R. F. D. No. 2.

FOR SALE—Eight head cows and young cattle; one cow fresh and two fresh soon; one team farm horses, weigh 2800. Call on or address, W. T. HARPER, Unionville, Pa., P. O. Address, Fleming, Pa.

LOOK!

HERE'S A BARGAIN IN MACHINERY

1 Second-Hand 25-horse power steam engine; mounted on boiler; in first class condition; sell cheap.

1 Second-hand 2-horse power gasoline engine; first class condition.

Garbrick Bros.
Opposite Big Spring
Commercial Phone—Bell Phone, 2075.
Bellefonte, - - - Pa

Personality and Price

The stores have always been full of medium-price clothes. You probably think of them as just materials thrown together by any kind of workmanship.

Now you can buy STYLEPLUS CLOTHES $17 which have style of the highest character combined with pure wool fabrics and expert workmanship that you used to find only in the higher priced garments.

It is wo.th your while to look up these new values. Now you can get personality, real satisfaction and service at the attractive price, $17.

CLASTER'S
Crider's Exchange, BELLEFONTE PA.

White Flame
Full, clear—never flickers
FAMILY FAVORITE
The Best Lamp Oil
At Your Dealers.
For the sake of the family's eyes.
FREE—320 page book—all about oil.
WAVERLY OIL WORKS CO.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Gasolines Lubricants

DREER'S Seeds Plants Bulbs

The seeds you sow make your garden a success—or a failure.

• With Dreer's Dependable Seeds you are assured of success, because they are the result of seventy-five years of experimenting and testing by experts. Only what experience has proved to be the *best* are offered.

Dreer's Diamond Jubilee Garden Book for 1913 contains cultural articles written by experts. It lists every dependable flower and vegetable, has 288 pages with photo-reproductions on every page, four beautiful color plates and six duotone plates.

write for a Copy—free

Henry A. Dreer 714 Chestnut St. Philadelphia.

Sixty-Six Licenses Granted in Blair County.

Judge Baldrige, in Blair County, several days ago handed down his decisions on license applications, granting sixty-six licenses and refusing all new applicants. In Altoona alone forty-eight licenses were granted. Martinsburg and Williamsburg continue "dry" towns. Judge Baldrige refused the applications for licenses in Juniata. As noted in these columns last week, Mrs. W. H. Bossart appeared in court and made an earnest plea against the granting of licenses for that place. Her plea apparently carried considerable weight with the court. All applications from Tyrone were approved.

In the last few weeks "The Republican" has published the opinions of various judges in disposing of liquor applications. These opinions raflect the views of different judges on the license subject. The opinion of Judge Baldrige accompanying his decisions on the several applications was as follows:

"We have carefully exercised our legal discretion in the determining what licensed hotels are necessary for the accommodation of the public and and the entertainment of travelers. In every case we have given due regard to the house, the applicant and the number and character of the petitioners, and in the contentions of the remonstrants.

"The same reason which heretofore moved us to refused Williamsburg and Martinsburg now controls us. We are not convinced that license should be granted in either of these places.

"There was no complaint from Juniata during the past year of inadequate hotel accommodations and we do not see the necessity for the increasing of licensed houses at that point.

"The Germania hotel which we are asked to license contains accommodations, according to the petitions, of four rooms for the exclusive use of strangers, and would not relieve the necessity if one existed, for more hotels if the license were granted. If the license were granted this hotel if would be solely on the grounds of its appearance and fitness.

"It is important that the applicants be convinced but that is only one of the essentials; another is that the hotels must be necessary.

"Failing to perceive the demand for this hotel we are constrained to refuse the applications.

"There was a strong petition in favor of John Pearson, applicant for license at the Keystone hotel, but during the past year he has accommodated, according to his petitioners, 152 strangers which does not indicate that there is need for additional hotel accommodations in that section.

"The same conditions apply to the hotels just refused in the main and the application of the Globe hotel which is refused."

The judge also rendered the following general remarks.

"The sale by the bottle throughout the county generally is discouraged. Violators of this request will be held responsible for the evil effect resulting from the sale. No gambling devices are to be used or musical instruments to be displayed in the bar rooms or any other room where drinks are furnished.

"Landlords in Bellwood, Duncansville and Juniata are requested to close their bars and cease selling intoxicating liquors at 10 o'clock p. m. The balance of the county at 11 o'clock p. m. No bar room to be reopened or liquor sold until 6 o'clock a. m. No intoxicating liquors to be sold by any of the landlords on Christmas or Decoration Day.

"We request that the landlords refrain from giving Christmas presents. Such a practice does not assist them in keeping their hotels closed during that day.

"No rehearing of licenses will be granted and we request that no applications be made therefor."

THOMAS J. BALDRIGE,
President Judge.

COMFORTING WORDS

Many a Bellefonte Household Will Find Them So.

To have the pains and aches of a bad back removed—to be entirely free from annoying, dangerous urinary disorders, is enough to make any kidney sufferer grateful. The following advice of one who has suffered will prove comforting words to hundreds of Bellefonte readers.

Mrs. J. F. Thal, 23 W. Thomas St., Bellefonte, Pa., says: "I am very grateful to Doan's Kidney Pills for what they have done for me. My back ached for a long time and I had severe pains in my kidneys, headaches and attacks of dizziness. The kidney secretions caused me no end of annoyance. When my attention was called to Doan's Kidney Pills, I procured a supply at Green's Pharmacy Co. and it did not take them long to give me relief. I cheerfully recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to anyone having kidney complaint. I still have unlimited confidence in Doan's Kidney Pills for whenever I have used them in the past two years, they have benefited me. You may continue to publish my former endorsement."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.—Advt.

Mrs. Burton Nearhoof Dead.

At St. Joseph's hospital, Philadelphia Mrs. Burton Nearhoof, of WarriorsMark, died on Tuesday morning of last week after an operation performed in the vain hope of restoring her to health. Mrs. Nearhoof was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Martin L. Beck. Her father died last November. She was born and raised at Warriorsmark and was aged 36 years, 7 months and 4 days. For twenty-three years she had been a faithful member of the Methodist Episcopal church and her death is a great grief to all who knew her. Surviving are her husband and 5-month-old daughter Esther, her mother, one brother and four sisters: Misses Grace and Zada, at home; Clarence, Mrs. P. J. Cox, Mrs. Will Neff, of WarriorsMark.

The funeral was held on Friday morning. Interment at WarriorsMark.

Read "The Republican" $1 year in advance.

Each Thought the Same.

The "Saturday Evening Post" does not vouch for the truth of the following but relates it as an interesting little tale going the rounds in officials in circles Washington:

Colonel Bryan, now Secretary of State, and Colonel Harvey, who was on Governor Wilson's staff in New Jersey, were talking politics.

Said Mr. Bryan: "There is no doubt about it, colonel. It is quite certain that no man can get along with Mr. Wilson politically—no man of independent thought and action who may be in his Cabinet or in his Administration; for the reason that Mr. Wilson is the greatest autocrat it has ever been my fortune to encounter."

"Ah!" quoth Colonel Harvey.

And suiting the action to the word Colonel Harvey chanced to mention this Bryan verdict next time Colonel Harvey conversed with President Wilson.

"Your words interest me strangely," said President Wilson; "for until this time it had been my personal impression that Colonel Bryan is the greatest autocrat in a political way the country affords."

Wedded at Cumberland.

On Thusday of last week Miss Mary Pricklemeyer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. August Pricklemeyer, of Mill Hall, departed from her home with the intention, so it was supposed, of visiting friends in Bellefonte. Somewhere along the road Dan Cupid handed her a message and instead of coming to Bellefonte she met Morris Klinger, of Lemont, and accompanied him to Cumberland, Md., where they were married. The happy young bride then sent a telegram announcing the news to her parents. Mr. Klinger is an expert bricklayer. He and his bride have a host of friends who extend congratulations and best wishes.

Huntingdon Now "Dry."

The "dry" season in Huntingdon became effective on Tuesday. On Monday night at 10 o'clock the bars closed for a year at least, perhaps longer, as the temperance people will wage an aggressive campaign for no-license candidates for Associate Judge, both at the primaries in September and at the general election in November. In the meantime "speakeasies" will be closely watched and all offenders will be arrested.

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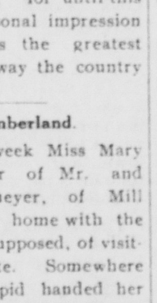

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An Incorrigible

She Effected a Result by a Stroke of Genius

By F. A. Mitchel

Kate Tracey as a little girl was an incorrigible tomboy. She climbed trees, rode the horses to water (straddle) and would have played baseball if she could have found enough girls similarly minded to make up the necessary teams. Furthermore, she was careless, scatter brained and generally reprehensible. Neither her father nor her mother could do anything with her. Scoldings had no effect. Punishment she laughed at, averring that she enjoyed it. Altogether Kate was by no means a model girl unless a model of all that a dutiful child should not be.

Nevertheless her parents adored her. If she left her room in disorder to go out to the barn to play hide and seek with the boys—they used to treat her as one of their own number—her mother, if the housemaid was otherwise engaged, would put things to rights, moaning that she was obliged to do so, but unable to provide against her daughter's doing the same thing again. Her father would endeavor to show her how selfish was this conduct and how it troubled her mother, but seemed unable to impress her with a sense of her fault, or, if he did, it was of no avail, for her only reply was, "I forgot it." No matter how severely he scolded her, within a few minutes after he had finished she would be in his lap with her arms around his neck, apparently forgetful of her offense.

Kate never "talked back" to her parents except under one condition. She had a pet dog, which she loved better than all the world beside. If any one, even her father or mother, punished the dog for a misdemeanor Kate would rebel. Then there would be trouble in the family sure enough, for if there is one thing a parent knows that he should not slur over it is rebellion on the part of his child. When the dog was suffered to go in peace Kate would beg pardon according to the formula laid down for her, but there would be no evidence of repentance in her words.

One of Kate's peculiarities when she was passing from childhood to womanhood was a fascination for the fire department. The moment she would hear the first tap of the signal bell she would listen, counting the strokes, and when they were finished, without referring to the book of districts, she could locate the fire. Not far from her home was a hook and ladder house. The first time her father knew of her fire proclivities he was coming home one evening while an alarm was being struck. The hook and ladder conveyance was coming down the street, the horses galloping, the gong clanging, dogs barking, and what was the father's astonishment to see his little daughter running beside the truck. A man standing on the footboard reached down, swung her up beside him, and the whole passed out of sight.

The scolding Kate received that evening was more impressive than any before delivered. Nevertheless at the next alarm the action was repeated, and it soon became a regular thing to see her mounted on the ladders, held there by a fireman, whenever the equipment was hurried to a fire. She was made an honorary member of the company, and when she reached an age when such action could no longer be tolerated they presented her with a gold badge. But she never got over her penchant for going to fires and at an alarm even at the dead of night would put her head out of the window to discover the location of the burning building.

Every one was curious as to what sort of person Kate would turn out when she came to the age of discretion. In one respect, and one respect only, there was a great change. Whenever she troubled her parents she was very much troubled herself. Though she continued to worry them by her antics, she was always truly repentant. Her father finally came to believe that she couldn't help it and endured it. Her mother believed she could help it, continued to mourn her daughter's perverseness and waited upon her and obeyed her as though she were her maid instead of her parent.

Kate had always been a favorite with boys and when grown drew young men to her as lovers. When lectured upon the subject she averred she couldn't help it; the fault was not hers, but the men's. No one believed her except her father, but whether he understood her better than other persons or whether she was capable of making him believe white was black, and vice versa, nobody knows. He was certainly not an unbiased judge.

Be this as it may, every now and again some young fellow would make Kate's acquaintance, suddenly become very attentive and after awhile drop out. Had she been a beauty or rich those about her could have understood what was the attraction; but, since she was plain and without fortune, no one could give a reason for it. She was not a girl to permit familiarities, so that this could not be taken into account.

The truth is Kate Tracey was a child of nature—not governed, as other people are, by such precepts as are laid down in well regulated households, but subject to her own whims. The world loves novelty. In Kate the young men discovered novelty enough for a dozen girls. They found waywardness, unconsciousness of her own peculiarities and innocence. Compared with other girls she was like a glittering gem to a lump of coal. All that glitters may not be gold, but beast, bird and mankind from time immemorial have been attracted by that which shines rather than that which is somber.

Kate turned off suitors in droves without even incurring the slightest blame from any of them. She was obliged to inflict some grievous wounds, but always managed to apply a balm that averted a change from love to hate. However, the day arrived when two lovers came down upon her at the same time, and she was sorely puzzled.

James Tisdale and Ernest Brown were the two young men simultaneously struck by Kate Tracey's charms. Since she wanted neither of them it was not possible for her to decide between them. Unfortunately she did not know of the rivalry and bitter animosity that had sprung up between them. One evening she was struck with astonishment upon receiving an anonymous note informing her that the rivals were intending to fight for her in an opening in a wood beside the river, a secluded spot about a mile from the town, at 5 o'clock in the morning.

This was a stumper for Kate. The idea of bloodshed occurring on her account appalled her. Her first impulse was to tell her father, but he had warned her time and again against being drawn into complications with men who wished to marry her, and she dreaded lest he should blame her. She fretted till late at night before coming to any decision, then struck a plan that reflected her own peculiar genius. Sallying forth, she went to the building of the hook and ladder company. The men were sitting around in armchairs, but when they saw their feminine honorary member enter each and every man rose and saluted. Kate nodded to them and went straight on to the office of their captain.

After half an hour's conference Kate emerged from the hook and ladder house attended by the commander, who insisted on seeing her home. He left her at her door and returned to the engine house, while Kate went to bed.

At 4 o'clock she arose, dressed herself, crept softly downstairs and went out into the street. No one was about at that early hour, all being stowed away in bed, but at the corner she found the captain of the fire department with a carriage and several of his men with a fire engine. Kate entered the carriage with the captain, and, followed by the fire engine, they were driven out of town.

Just before 5 o'clock—it was coming daylight—the dueling parties were on the ground making preparations for the encounter. An attempt was made by the seconds to effect a reconciliation, stating that the affair would appear at least ridiculous and might result in a tragedy. But a man will make a guy of himself about a woman, especially when he has a rival, quicker and more obstinately than for any other cause, and neither of the principals would budge.

The ground was paced, the positions marked and the men placed upon them. But just as a signal to fire was to be given one of the seconds called a halt. The rising sun was shining in his principal's eyes. A new arrangement was made, and the contestants were placed differently.

The delay proved fortunate.

Just as they were about to receive the signal to fire a carriage drove up, followed by a fire engine. Kate Tracey and the captain of the hook and ladder company jumped out of the carriage, and at an order from the latter the engine began to play a stream of water on the duelists. In a few seconds they were drenched, and, since the water was not overwarm, they shivered. But the firemen played on till Kate called a halt.

"Shake hands," she said.

Neither of the principals would. They seemed chiefly concerned about the ridiculous figure they cut. Every one on the ground except themselves was laughing. Kate told the firemen to continue the douche for awhile, then renewed the order to shake hands. But another wetting was necessary before they would obey. Then, upon the assurance of all concerned that the affair should proceed no further, Kate and her attendant returned to the carriage and, followed by the firemen, drove back to town.

Though Kate had pledged all the firemen not to divulge the affair, it was too good for the seconds to keep. It got into the newspapers, and the first knowledge of it that Mr. and Mrs. Tracey received was through this source.

"What shall we do with her?" exclaimed the father in perplexity.

"Oh, heavens! I don't know unless we shut her up in a lunatic asylum," replied the mother.

But the idea of shutting the young lady in an asylum was not to be considered, her father averring that as chief lunatic she would assume a leadership of her fellow prisoners and take command of the institution. But he agreed that, since there was nothing positively bad in his daughter's make-up, it would be better to "give her her head" and let her set her own pace.

However, soon after the crowning episode of her single life, in which Miss Kate extinguished a rivalry for her hand with cold water, she fell deeply in love with and was married to a young man who is a model of sobriety and steadiness. He has heard about his wife's escapades before her marriage and can't exactly understand them. He says he doesn't see what all the fuss and worry were about. He doesn't see anything the matter with her.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists. Price 75c per bottle.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Buried in Wedding Gown.

Miss Mae Estella Winter, of Flushing, New York died on Monday evening of last week from heart failure. She had been ill a short time, only. She was engaged to be married to Frederick H. Reeder, of Tyrone, at present employed at Flushing. The wedding was to have taken place this week. The bride-to-be was buried in her wedding gown.

Unionville Summer Schooll

The Unionville Summer School will open April 28 and continue six weeks. Special attention will be given teachers and those preparing for teachers' examination. Instruction will also be given to 8th grade pupils preparing for High School entrance examination. For further particulars inquire of

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CONDUCTOR NO. 77

They All Took a Lesson In Common Sense

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Helen Blair signaled the suburban car and boarded it at the corner. She was tired after a long day of shopping and walked up the aisle to the front seat, which proved to be empty. At the next stop three people got on, who completely filled the short cross seat in front of her.

"Fares, please!"

Helen's heart leaped as she heard the conductor's voice, and she felt a vague sense of irritation because a mere trolley car conductor should possess a voice exactly like Ralph Fairlee's deep tones. She turned her head and stole a glance at the approaching conductor. Her heart leaped again when she discovered that the back of his shapely dark head was exactly like that of Ralph's and that the swing of his broad shoulders as he turned might have belonged to Ralph.

Her head turned face about, and she compressed her lips. "What a—a bother!" she murmured to herself.

It was more than a "bother" to be reminded of Ralph Fairlee at that moment. It was positive pain to the girl who had been engaged to Ralph for three happy months. Of course the engagement was a thing of the past or it would not have caused Helen Blair any pain to be reminded of its previous existence.

At last the conductor came to the front of the car once more, set back the indicator and began to collect fares for the second stage of the trip.

"Fare, please!" he boomed in front of Helen, and again her heart leaped as she fished out a nickel and gave it to him.

Then under the brim of her drooping velvet hat she permitted her face to relax its cold hauteur, while she fell to dreaming about Ralph Fairlee, who had taken their quarrel seriously and left the city to seek work elsewhere. Ralph's father was a rich man, and old Mr. Fairlee had queer ideas about rich men's sons. He believed that these same sons should demonstrate their ability to earn money and prove themselves capable of taking care of money already earned. Ralph had different ideas and wanted to begin at the top of the ladder. He had quarreled with his father on this point. He had quarreled with Helen on another matter and, estranged from both, must be very lonely now. Helen's heart was breaking for love and pity of him.

Clang, clang, clang—rush, clatter, clang! Starting and stopping, whizzing and curving and rocking, the "car of destiny" went on its way into the open country.

"Fares, please," said the conductor as he stood before her once more with hand stretched out.

Helen fumbled in the gold meshed bag and impatiently emptied its contents into her lap in search of a coin. She was positive that she had plenty of change left. There was a crumpled lace handkerchief with an elusive fragrance of violets about it; there was an inner golden meshed purse that was quite empty, a couple of matinee tickets, a vial of smelling salts, a pencilled memorandum, but there was not a coin to be found!

"Oh, dear!" Helen was embarrassed as her eyes sought the stern face of the young conductor. "I'm sorry, but"—She had to stop then, for that unruly heart of hers was beating faster than any triphammer could hope to rival. The stern face of the conductor was set like a white mask as he turned away.

"Fares, please," he was saying to the woman who sat behind her.

Frantically Helen searched her golden bag, but in vain. She was quite penniless and still ten miles from her station. She bit her lip angrily, because she must explain these matters to a conductor who had the effrontery to have a voice identical with that of Ralph Fairlee and to have a face so much like Ralph's that she had nearly swooned away when she looked at him. But of course it was not Ralph Fairlee. Ralph would have spoken to her at once—gladly, she knew that. And, besides, Ralph Fairlee was as brown as a berry, and this conductor, a very common person, no doubt, was quite pale. How presumptuous for a trolley car conductor to speak, look and act just like Ralph Fairlee!

But how very humiliating to be under obligations to this man, a perfect stranger! Again she searched through her bag and shook out her handkerchief. This time there was a clink as a coin flew to the floor.

Helen stooped to pick it up just as the conductor came to her aid. Together they bent over, and together they searched for the lost coin. Helen's big hat brushed the conductor's cap from his head, and there was added embarrassment. At last the man arose with something between his fingers and held it out.

"You lost this?" he inquired coldly.

"Yes," said Helen, reddening. "Really, I thought it was more. I must have lost my change and"—

The conductor thrust the shining penny in his vest pocket and rang up a fare.

"Please give me your number," said Helen eagerly.

"No. 77," he said gravely, and with a lift of his cap he went back to his station on the rear platform.

Clang, clang, clatter, went the car, while Helen's agitated thoughts kept company to the beating of her heart and the throbbing of the motor.

An elderly gentleman sitting opposite to Helen peered at her over his gold spectacles. She noticed that he looked keenly after the young conductor who had so stoically rung up her fare after receiving from her hands the meager penny that she could find. She wondered if the old gentleman would be apt to report the conductor for negligence in not putting her off the car.

The idea of being under obligations to the conductor, who looked so much like Ralph Fairlee, became so repugnant that Helen finally arose and walked down the rapidly moving car toward the rear. She was determined to alight then and there and walk the remaining distance, whatever it might be, to her home; also she would take the conductor's number and send him 4 cents the next day.

Her slender form swayed down the aisle, while close behind her staggered the white bearded old gentleman who had watched her so keenly. The conductor was leaning against the door, gazing idly at the dark shadows of the flitting scenery. He did not see Helen or the old gentleman so close behind her until the car lurched over some little obstruction and came to a standstill.

The violent jerk sent Helen forward straight into the arms of conductor No. 77, who also braced himself to receive the form of the old gentleman. Then the car jerked again, and the three fell in an ignominious heap on the floor of the car, while the motorman rang his gong frantically for some answering signal from the conductor.

"Hello, hello!" sputtered the old gentleman wrathfully, as, being on top, he was first to extricate himself from the heap. "This comes of meddling in a business you don't understand in the least, young man. I hope the young lady isn't hurt."

Helen moaned faintly as conductor No. 77 lifted her to a seat.

"It's her ankle," announced the conductor as the contact of her foot with the floor brought forth another cry of pain.

The motorman jerked open the front door and glared into the car.

"See here, Smith," he snarled, "what do you think this is anyway—a hospital or a D. L. J. suburban trolley? We're four minutes late as it is."

"You will wait here four hours if necessary," snapped the old gentleman, breaking into the conversation before the conductor could frame a reply to the motorman's remarks. As a matter of fact, the conductor was gazing down at Helen's face, which was whiter than ever now through the heavy meshes of her shetland veil. She was leaning back against the seat with closed eyes. The conductor stood watching her with grimy clinched fists on his hips. Neither girl nor conductor appeared to hear the conversation between the motorman and the aggressive old man.

"You will wait here four hours if necessary," the old gentleman had snapped.

"Will, eh? By whose orders?" The motorman was dancing with excitement down the aisle.

"By the orders of the president of the company!" yelped the old gentleman, flashing a card before the bewildered eyes of the motorman.

"By gosh! You don't say—of course—yes, Mr. Fairlee, of course!" The motorman danced back to the platform and closed the door upon his chagrin and mortification.

"Smith!" thundered Mr. Fairlee at the conductor.

Conductor No. 77 was chafing the wrists of Helen Blair, passenger, and did not even turn his head. It would appear that the name was an unfamiliar one to him. He did not respond when it was repeated several times, louder and louder.

At last:

"Ralph!" thundered Mr. Fairlee in the conductor's ear.

"Well, father, what is it?" Conductor No. 77 turned a sullen face toward his father.

"Are you going to give up this nonsense and come home with me?" demanded his father, his old voice quaking with an uncontrollable anxiety, which he strove to conceal with an unnatural gruffness.

"I'm on duty here. Do you advise me to shirk that?" parried Ralph.

"You can finish this run, of course. But will you come home to me tonight? I've lost a lot of my fool notions, and"—

But Ralph was as generous as his father. "No, you needn't take back a word of what you have said in the past, dad. You were right about it. But I have shown you that I can get a job without influence of any sort and that I can keep it for months. Oh, dad, it's Helen here! She's off with me, and there isn't the slightest use in my ever trying to be much without her. I don't blame her, but"—

"Ralph Fairlee, you goose!" cried Helen's voice from behind as she threw her arms around Ralph and his father. "I knew you from the first, but you looked so much like yourself that I didn't dare"—

She broke into sobs, and as old Mr. Fairlee turned away and blew his nose vigorously she whispered the remainder into Ralph's ear.

When the down car clanged close at hand the motorman peered timidly through a crack in the front door. What he saw caused his eyes to bulge.

Conductor No. 77 was embracing the forms of the pretty girl passenger and the president of the trolley company.

"Good Lord! He's crazy!" groaned the motorman. And then Conductor No. 77 gave the signal to go ahead.

Eccentric John Underwood.

John Underwood, who died at Whittlesea, England, in 1733, left some odd instructions for his burial. His fortune of £6,000 went to his sister, provided that no bell was tolled at his grave, no relative followed his coffin and various other arrangements were carried out. Six men only were invited and requested not to come in "black," who received 10 guineas each for their services. Service over, an arch was raised over the green painted coffin, with "Non Omnis Moriar, 1733," inscribed on white marble. The six men sang the last stanza of the twentieth ode of the second book of Horace. The deceased, who had been coffined fully dressed, had under his head "Sanadow's "Horace," at his feet Bentley's "Milton," in his right hand a Greek Testament and in his left hand a small "Horace." The six on repairing to his house to a cold repast had to sing the thirty-first ode and drink a cheerful glass before retiring at 8 p. m. This done, directed the will, "Think no more of John Underwood."

Books In Ancient Rome.

It has been pointed out that in old Rome books were actually produced and sold more easily and quickly than they are in modern times. With his trained staff of readers and transcribers, it is contended, an ancient Roman publisher could turn out an edition of any work at very cheap rates and almost a moment's notice. There was, of course, no initial expense of type setting before a single copy could be produced, no costly extras in the form of printer's corrections. The manuscript came from the author; the publisher handed it to his slaves, and if the book were of ordinary dimensions the complete edition could, it is said, be ready if necessary within twenty-four hours. The old Roman libraries were immense as well as splendid. Plutarch says that the library of Lucullus, who expended much of his money on books, "had walks, galleries and cabinets open to all visitors." It was proposed by Julius Caesar to open this library to the public.—Harper's.

Eating In the Fifth Act of Life.

The advice which Sydney Smith gave to Lord Murray on the subject of diet was probably sound. "If you wish for anything like happiness in the fifth act of life," he wrote, "eat and drink one half of what you could eat and drink. Did I ever tell you my calculations about eating and drinking? Having ascertained the weight of what I could live upon so as to preserve health and strength, and what I did live upon, I found that between ten and seventy years of age I had eaten and drunk forty-four horse wagon loads of meat and drink more than would have preserved me in life and health. The value of this mass of nourishment I considered to be worth £7,000. It occurred to me that I must by my voracity, have starved to death fully 100 persons. This is a frightful calculation, but irresistibly true."

How a Woman Saved Nice.

It happened in August, 1543, and is recalled by Mrs. Walter Tibbits in "Cities Seen in East and West." Nice (then under the dukes of Savoy) was being besieged by Francis I and Barbarossa.

Catherine Segurine was a washerwoman whose creed was laborare est orare. She carried food to the defenders on the ramparts still left. The Turks had put up a scaling ladder. The captain led his party, and they were actually on the parapet. She rushed at the Turkish officer, wrenched the flag he was carrying from him, beat him back with the butt end and threw down the ladder on top of all. Then, rallying the soldiers, they threw open a postern, made a sortie and drove the Turks to the shore.

Artful Excuse.

"Minnie," said a mother to her little daughter, who had the telltale habit, "why is it you can't keep a secret?"

"Because, mamma," explained the precocious miss, "two of my front teeth are gone and the secrets just slip out."—Chicago News.

Parental Problems.

Where a whipping may improve one boy it will create a grudge and a thirst for revenge in another. Parents have several problems besides making a living.—Atchison Globe.

Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principle.—Emerson.

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Charles M. Conrad Dead.

Charles Martin Conrad died at 10.30 o'clock last Saturday morning at Tyrone. His illness was of very brief duration. Although he was afflicted with chronic Bright's disease, he had been seriously ill only two days, working continuously at his trade as carpenter until Thursday. The deceased was aged 26 years, 7 months and 27 days, having been born at WarriorsMark, August 2, 1886. He was the adopted son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Conrad, of Gardner, who survive. In February, 1906, he was united in marriage with Miss Esther Cowher, and the young wife, with two little daughters, Mary and Viola, remain to mourn the early demise of husband and father.

Thomas M. Way Dead.

Thomas M. Way died several days ago at his late home at Grampian, aged about 89 years. Deceased was a native of Half-Moon valley and was well and favorably known. He was a life-long member of the Friends church. Surviving to mourn his passing away are his second wife, two sons, T. William Way, of West Chester, and R. Orlando Way, of WarriorsMark, also an adopted daughter, Miss Sarah Bloom, at home.

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P. O. Bellefonte, Pa.

J. O. HILE,

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For sale at my Eagleville farm, Chester White brood sows, boars, shoats and pigs. Inqure of Samuel Kline on the farm.

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Bellefonte, Pa

We have Parcels Post Maps showing rates from Bellefonte and neighborhood, which we will send on request.

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Bellefonte, - - - Penna.

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PAROID ROOFING

which is the best we know of. Don't forget the name. There are other makes named to deceive the unwary buyer. We alone sell Paroid in Centre Co.

Something New. Hazelwood Flooring.

Ceiling, Wainscoating and Finish, ready to fill and oil. It is beautiful, valuable and durable at less cost than other and less durable wood. We also sell genuine

Red Cedar Shingles

from the Pacific Coast (Not the Michigan White Cedar.)

On same terms and conditions we will furnish building material as low or lower than the mail order houses and you will keep your money circulating at home where you may get some of it back again in course of business.

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Central R. R. of Penna. Train Schedule.

Leave,
Bellefonte for Mill Hall, 7:05 A. M., 2:20 and 6:45 P. M.

Leave,
Mill Hall for Bellefonte, 8:37 A. M., 3:56 and 8:35 P. M.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD. On and after Monday, Jan. 25th, 1909 trains will run as follows from the P. R. R. station.

TRAINS TO STATE COLLEGE.

	WESTWARD.	1 A. M.	3 A. M.	5 P. M
Lv.	Bellefonte	‡ 6.30	‡ 10.15	‡ 2.00
	Coleville	6.35	10.0	2.07
	Morris	† 6.38	.....	† 2.12
	Stevens	† 6.43	.....	† 2.17
	Hunters Park	† 6.46	.....	† 2.21
	Fillmore	† 6.50	† 10.34	† 2.26
	Briarly	† 6.55	.....	† 2.33
	Waddles	7.00	10.45	2.35
	Krumrine	† 7.12	.....	† 2.50
	State College	7. 5	11.10	3.20
	Strubles	† 7. 7	.....	.....
	Bloomsdorf	† 7.31	.....	.....
	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	3.40

* Daily, ‡ Daily except Sunday. "f" Stop flag

TRAINS FROM STATE COLLEGE.

	EASTWARD	2 A. M.	4 A. M.	
Lv.	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	† 3.20
	Bloomsdorf	† 7.40	.....	.....
	Strubles	† 7.45	.....	3.30
	State College	8.00	.....	† 5.03
	Krumrine	† 8.07	.....	† 5.00
	Waddles		11.50	† 5.25
	Briarly	†	.....	5.37
	Fillmore	†	.10 ∞	† 5.38
	Hunters Park	† 8.31	.....	† 5.40
	Stevens	† 8.35	.....	† 5.40
	Morris	† 8.37	.....	† 5.40
	Coleville	8.40	.....	† 5.50
A.	Bellefonte	8.50	.....	† 6.00

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 3 and 5 for State College. Trains from trains from Montandon, Lewisburg Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 5 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penna. R. R. trains at Bellefonte to points east and west.

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

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FOR STOMACH, TROUBLE and CONSTIPATION

CHICHESTER S PILLS
THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

Here and There.

Miss Nancy Burrows, of Tyrone, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh N. Crider.

Mrs. E. S. Dorworth and Mrs. John Meese spent Tuesday with friends a Howard. t

Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Blanchard were shopping visitors to Philadelphia this week.

Thomas Dubbs, poor overseer in Rush township, was a business visitor in town this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Gus Heverly this week moved into the Sebring home on East Howard Street.

Frank Crosthwaite, Bellefonte Central manager at State College, greeted friends in town on Sunday.

The Bellefonte hospital management wishes to thank the public and school children for the generous Easter donations.

The William Daley family this week moved from the McGinley property into one of the Crider houses on Lamb Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Amos Cole, Lewistown, were in Bellefonte on Saturday, last, to attend the funeral of the late Philip Smith.

Frank Lukenbach and daughter, Katherine, were down from Tyrone on Sunday, visiting with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Lukenbach.

R. B. Freeman, of Tyrone, on Satururday was host at his customary birthday anniversary party at the Country Club. A number of his Tyrone friends were on hand for the event.

Miss Adele Harrar, of Williamsport, whose marriage to James C. Furst will be solemnized in the near future, visited over Sunday at the Furst home, on West Linn Street.

Henry Weaver, who is located in Pittsburgh, was greeting old chums in town over Sunday. Henry has grown into a fine looking, well built fellow and is doing well in the railroad business.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Ziegler, of Altoona, visited over Sunday with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Ziegler. Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Ziegler were married recently. His bride will be recalled as formerly Miss Myra Long, at one time a resident at Bellefonte.

The Lock Haven Democrat says that Miss Helen Schaeffer, of Bellefonte, and Miss Imilda Buckingham, of Baltimore, were guests of the latter's Uncle, Harry E. Buckingham, grand commander, at the reception and tournoi given in Lock Haven last Thursday night by Hospitaller Commandery, Knights Templar.

Miss Helen McClellan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles McClellan, of Bellefonte, and Brady Foore, of Duquesne, were married on Saturday night of last week at the home of the bride. The groom is a son of William Foore, the family at one time residing at Coleville. He now holds a responsible position at Duquesne, at which place he and his bride will reside.

The recent improvements to the Bald Eagle Valley branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad made that line especially worth while last week as an outlet for passenger and freight traffic congested by floods in western sections. A number of Pullman trains were handled and on Sunday upward of 1500 cars loaded with freight, bound from Pittsburgh to Buffalo, were moved over the division. About 22 extra trains were handled.

If Uncle Sam has a hurry-up call for additional army officers Bellefonte can help out in a substantial manner. On Friday of last week two brand new Lieutenants came to town. One camped at the home of Lieutenant and Mrs. J. Linn Blackford, while the other established quarters at the home of Lieutenant and Mrs. Richard Taylor. Both youngsters are doing splendidly and their parents are correspondingly happy.

On Monday evening, next, Miss Mary Bradley and the Bellefonte Choral Society will repeat the excellent program of some weeks ago, at Garman's Opera House, the proceeds to be for the benefit of the flood sufferers in Ohio and other points. The admission will be 25c to any part of the house. Purchasers of tickets may have seats marked off and thus reserved. The concert will be worth much more than the price of admission, while the cause is one which merits the liberal support of the community.

Company L, Twelfth Regiment, Infantry, last Friday night underwent a splendid inspection at the armory. It was the annual State inspection and was conducted by Major Rutherford. Captain Brown and Lieutenants Taylor and Blackford had been exerting themselves to their utmost to have the boys make the best showing possible, and the result was a flattering tribute to every man in the company. Major Farnsworth, who some weeks ago conducted the regular army inspection of Company L, pronounced the local command one of the very best he had ever inspected.

Irvin L. Holmes, one of State College's progressive business men, accompanied by Mrs. Holmes and the children, stopped over in Bellefonte for a short time yesterday while enroute in their automobile to Mill Hall. His mission there was to purchase brick for the new business block he is building at State College. The building will be modern in every way. It will be a structure 70x49 feet, will have two large store rooms on the first floor and four floors will be used for flats. The site for the building is across from the Bellefonte Central Railroad station, on the corner of Frazier Street and College Avenue. Mr. Holmes paid $12,000 for the ground. The building will cost approximately $30,000.

Oscar M. Harvey, an Academy student discovered several days ago that the law is pretty rigid on the matter of tearing down quarantine signs. Young Harvey, in a spirit of fun, removed a quarantine for measles sign from a house nearby the Academy. It so happened that another sign had been removed from the same house but a short time previously, and suspicion fell upon Harvey. He was summoned before Burgess Bower, where he denied having removed the first sign but frankly acknowledged having taken down the second one. Burgess Bower imposed the minimum penalty, which was a fine of $10. As soon as Headmaster J. R. Hughes learned of the incident he had Harvey hunt up the sign and restore it to its original place.

Look at the bargain tables in China Hall Friday and Saturday.

Samuel H. Wigton, of Philipsburg, spent several days in town this week.

J. Thomas Mitchell, Esq., departed yesterday on a business trip to Pittsburgh.

Merv S. Betz, of Jacksonville, was a business visitor in town between trains yesterday.

Mrs. G. Murry Andrews returned from Philadelphia on Monday, to convalesce from an attack of quinzy.

Robert D. Musser, of near Spring Mills, was a business visitor in Bellefonte between trains yesterday.

The State College Thespians played to standing room at Garman's Opera House on Saturday night, last. The large audience was well pleased.

William Cadwallader, of Pittsburgh, visited on Wednesday and Thursday of last week at the Mrs. Louisa T. Bush home, on Spring Street.

The ladies of the United Brethren church will hold a chicken and waffle supper in the ladies' room at the church on the evening of Thursday, April 10.

Misses Elizabeth and Mary Blanchard returned home on Monday from Atlantic City, where they conducted a very successful sale of baskets from The Bellefonte Basket Shop.

Rev. William Potter VanTries, of Altoona, was an arrival in town on Monday, spending the day here with his father, the venerable Dr. Thomas VanTries.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Garber went up to Alto on Saturday to visit with Mr. and Mrs. George B. Thompson, Mr. Garber returning on Monday to make a business trip to Pittsburgh.

Mrs. Thomas A. Shoemaker returned home on Monday. As a house guest the Shoemakers have Rev. Father Kennedy, of Atlantic City, for whom they gave a dinner on Tuesday evening.

John M. Shugert, George R. Meek and Henry C. Quigley last night appeared before the appropriations Committee of the Legislature, at Harrisburg, in behalf of an appropriation for the Bellefonte hospital.

Mortimer O'Donoughue, of Philadelphia, enroute to Buffalo, N. Y., stopped over in Bellefonte from Sunday until Tuesday to look up some of his old cronies. He looks remarkably well and just about as young as when he was located in Bellefonte years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Cook departed yesterday for Rutherford, N. J., where they will visit for a time with their daughter, Mrs. John Hinman Gibson. Before returning home they will accompany Mrs. Gibson and their little granddaughter, Margaret Gibson, to Atlantic City for a brief stay.

J. Homer Decker on Monday purchased Dr. S. M. Nissley's horse and buggy and in the near future will be busy traveling over Centre County while selling school supplies. Homer has had lots of experience in this line and will easily "make good."

The Study Class will meet on Tuesday evening, April 8th, at 8 o'clock, sharp. The subject matter, "The Civil War," will be presented by Mr. Malick, an authority on the question. He will give "The Causes," "The Events leading up to the War," "The Emancipation Proclamation," "The Close of the War," "The Results of the War," and the "Present Feeling between the North and South." Please note the day and date, and come prepared to take part in the discussion.

The Bellefonte Academy will open the baseball season on Saturday afternoon, next, with a game on Hughes field at 3 o'clock with the State College High School nine. On Friday, April 18, the Academy will play the Dickinson College nine here. The Dickinson club will play at State College on the following day. The Academy is well blessed with rattling good pitchers this season. The staff includes Symmes, Smith, Kennedy, Beer and Decker.

Of special interest to the many Bellefonte and Snow Shoe friends of the bride-to-be is the announcement of the engagement of Miss Marie B. Reese, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Reese, of Snow Shoe, and Theodore B. Shank, of Jeannette. Miss Reese is a former Bellefonte Academy student and has a host of admiring friends in Bellefonte. The Greensburg "Morning Review," noting the engagement, said: "The announcement of the engagement of Theodore B. Shank, superintendent of the Jeannette schools, and Miss Marie B. Reese, a teacher in the Fourth Street school, Jeannette, was made public last Thursday. The wedding will be a late June event. Professor Shank has been superintendent of the Jeannette schools for the past nine years and has been prominent in county and State educational gatherings. He is a native of Norfolk, Virginia. Miss Reese's home is in Snow Shoe. She graduated from the Indiana Normal School in 1911. Miss Reese has been teaching in the Jeannette schools for the past two years and during that time has made a host of friends."

We sincerely trust that the years to come may be blessed with all the comfort and happiness in the world for Mr. and Mrs. Frank Donovan. Surely they deserve it, for the start on their married career on Wednesday morning was attended with circumstances about as strenuous as one could imagine. The groom is a son of Jerry Donovan, of Axe Mann, while the bride, Miss Mary Bertram, is the popular daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bertram, of Spring Creek. The wedding was solemnized at high mass at St. John's Catholic church, at 7.30 o'clock in the morning and was attended by many friends of the young couple. Following the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Donovan emerged from the church to encounter a situation that would have tested the courage of a Roman general. They met it without a tremor. There was Gus Armor, bedecked in a high silk hat and seated in a spring wagon behind a pair of lively steppers. The wagon was literally weighted down with sleigh bells, while in the wagon bed were two monster rag babies, one proudly perched in a high chair and the other reposing in a cradle. Had the young bride and groom resisted they would have been lifted bodily and placed in the wagon. It required but a glance for them to size up matters, and without a word of protest they bravely stepped into the wagon and in this manner proceeded to the railroad station, where they boarded a train for their honeymoon tour. Their parting request of Gus Armor was that he prove a good father to the twin rag babies.

Gilbert Beaver returned to New York on Tuesday.

Dr. and Mrs. E. E. Sparks, of State College, departed yesterday for Pittsburgh.

An impromptu dance was given by the younger set on Tuesday evening in the town hall.

The Brockerhoff property, on Spring Street, will be occupied by Mr. and Mrs. William Fitzgerald.

The Bellefonte Chapter, D. A. R., will be entertained this evening by Mrs. Joseph L. Montgomery.

The third of the series of dances by the Bellefonte Cotillion Club was held on Thursday evening of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Daggett and Mr. and Mrs. Wallace H. Gephart were passengers to Philadelphia last week.

Mrs. A. G. Morris and daughter, Miss Lida Morris, departed on Tuesday to attend the wedding of Miss King, in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Gray Meek returned on Tuesday evening from Pittsburgh, to which place they had taken their grandson, Thomas K. Morris, Jr.

Dr. R. G. H. Hayes departed on Tuesday for Philadelphia and Atlantic City, to be gone one month. While away he will attend a course of lectures in Philadelphia.

The Woman's Exchange, conducted by Mrs. Nora Shelden and Mrs. J. Thomas Mitchell, had a very successful opening last Saturday. The Exchange will be open each Wednesday and Saturday from 11 A. M. to 5 P. M.

Dean Holmes, of State College, occupied the pulpit of the Bellefonte Presbyterian church on Sunday. His morning sermon was on "What is Life?" and was particularly interesting and instructive.

James B. Cook, of Berwind, spent a few days last week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James B. Cook. He has just completed a southern trip, including a visit to Panama, where he found a number of State College men. While in Panama he was entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pierce.

Residents of Bellefonte who have been in eastern cities all or a greater part of the winter and who have arrived home in the last few days include Mrs. Frank C. Montgomery, Miss Hassel, Mrs. George F. Harris, Mrs. John M. Shugert, Miss Mary Thomas and Miss Ann Lyon. Miss Lyon is recuperating from a serious throat operation.

Several typographical errors appear in our report of Rev. John Hewitt's address on "The Future of Woman." The word "illegibility" should read "eligibility," the word "horse" should be "house" in the Tenth Commandment, and the word "renters" at the close of the address should read "neuters." In justice to Mr. Hewitt we hasten to make the corrections as noted.

Harry Stere Weds.

Harry M. Stere, one of Unionville's progressive and successful young merchants, was married at the Bellefonte United Brethren parsonage on Thursday morning of last week, his bride being Mrs. Beulah Shirdon, of Philipsburg. The ceremony was performed by the pastor, Rev. C. W. Winey. The happy young couple have a host of admiring friends who wish them the greates prosperity. The groom is engaged in business with his father, J. C. Stere, at Unionville, and is a young man of industry and sterling integrity. His bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Stine, of Philipsburg, where she is well known and popular with a wide circle of friends.

"Daughter of the Desert."

On Saturday evening, next, "A Daughter of the Desert" will be presented at Garman's Opera House by Pleasant Gap home talent. Several weeks ago the same players presented this exciting western comedy-drama at Pleasant Gap, making such a decided hit that a second performance was given by request. The cast is especially good, each member doing his or her part with all the skill of a veteran on the stage. "A Daughter of the Desert" is one of the best productions on the American stage this season. Theatre goers should avail themselves of the opportunity to witness the production at Garman's Opera House on Saturday night. The prices for seats will be 25, 35 and 50 cents.

Marriage Licenses.

Register Frank C. Smith has issued the following marriage licenses:

Ellis Gabriel, Annie Martha,	Philipsburg "
Harry Chrumento, Gertrude Hahn,	Moshannon "
Harry M. Stere, Beulah Sherdon,	Fleming Philipsburg
Brady Foore, Helen McClellan,	Duquesne Bellefonte
Frank Donovan, Mary A. Bertram,	Axe Mann Spring Creek

Patrick McCaffrey Dead.

Patrick McCaffrey, a well known citizen of Lock Haven and many years ago a resident of Bellefonte, died at Lock Haven on Sunday afternoon, last, aged 71 years, 6 months and 23 days. His death followed an operation performed at the Lock Haven hospital. He had been in declining health for some time. Mr. McCaffrey was born in Ireland September 7, 1841, coming to this country with his parents when he was quite young. The family located in Bellefonte. About forty years ago Mr. McCaffrey removed to Lock Haven, making that place his home to the time of his death. Surviving are a widow, one daughter, Mrs. J. B. Critchfield, of Lock Haven, and two sisters, Misses Katherine and Anna McCaffrey, of Bellefonte.

SUITS AT--$10--$12.50--$15

The Showing At The Sim Store

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Will surpass anything you may see--Particular effect upon our part upon the lines at these prices has culminated in the success of the present showing. Value is crowded into them--at every turning point of making--in materials--in linings and trimmings--values such as you will not get outside of this store--Possessing the same style for which the higher priced Sim Clothes are famous.

Every sort of fabric--every cut--conservative--English--Norfolk--the Sim showing at $10 $12.50 and $15 will surprise and delight you.

Sim The Clothier

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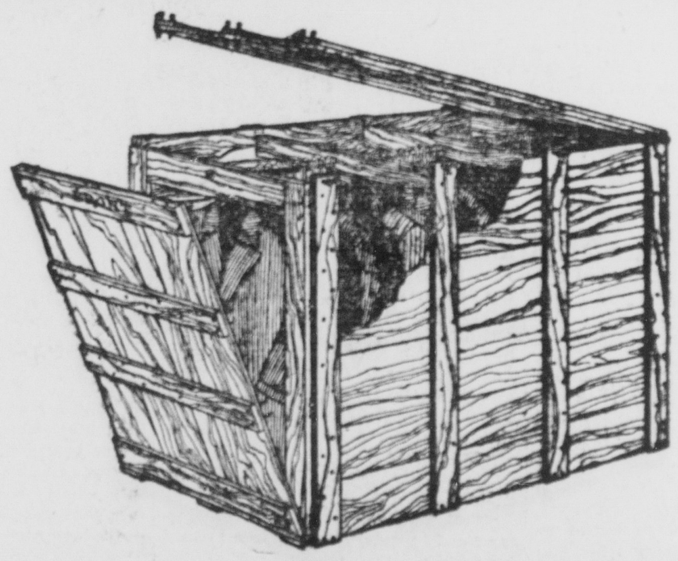

HANGING ALL THE WAY!

You keep YOUR clothes on hangers. So does every progressive clothing store. But before that--

Suppose your coat was in a great pile on a Stock room table. Suppose after lying there for a couple of months--perhaps near the bottom of the heap--it was turned wrong side out and jammed into a packing box. By the time it reaches Bellefonte isn't it pretty late to introduce it to a hanger?

The moment HICKEY-FREEMAN-QUALITY clothes for men are completed they are put on hangers. Hanger trucks take them to a hanger stock room where they hang on individual hangers until time for shipment. Then the hanger trucks take them to the shipping department, where--still on hangers--they are hung in a special hanger shipping case. From this case we transfer them--still on hangers--to our own dust-proof hanger cabinets. Do you wonder their style lasts?

And that's only one reason why you should choose Hickey-Freeman-Quality. Come in--we'll show you others.

Montgomery & Co.